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EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Contributions are not invited, but will be considered provided a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for their return if unsuitable. They should be typewritten.

Notes of the Week

WE in the SATURDAY REVIEW are not likely to be accused of unfriendliness towards Ulster or its Government or Parliament, and we therefore feel free to say that we think the passage in the Northern Parliament of a Bill abolishing proportional representation in local government elections in Ulster will be received with surprise and regret. There is, admittedly, a considerable minority in the six counties opposed to the Government in power, and proportional representation gave this minority the opportunity for an adequate expression of its views both in the Northern Parliament itself and in municipal bodies and county councils. The abolition of proportional representation will in many cases leave the Protestant and Unionist element in the local bodies without any proper criticism or check, and cannot fail to embitter friendly relations with the South, on which the hope of any pacification and stability in Ireland must depend. We may safely deduce from the delay in announcing the King's assent that the Colonial Office were reluctant to approve the measure.

The sittings of the Provisional Parliament have not attracted much attention in the British Press. Apparently Mr. Cosgrave considers the situation in the South sufficiently far improved as to justify the preparation of a return to normal conditions, which will include the replacing of the Free State forces by the newly-established Civic Guard, the appointment of stipendiary magistrates and the reconstitution of local government. On the same day that this determination was announced, however, the "Executive" forces attacked and captured the Free State garrison at Kenmare, the Free State troops apparently being recruits who put

up very little of a fight. The *Morning Post* special correspondent at Dublin, who contrives to combine high spirits in difficult circumstances with a remarkable accuracy in prediction, thinks that the de Valera party are preparing some further spectacular coup in Dublin, so that though the first week of the Parliament has gone through under much more normal conditions than one would have dared to hope, it is not yet certain that a further outbreak may not take place.

Without any normal announcement to the English Press, the Free State Government has now apparently withdrawn the censorship, though General Beasley, who appears to have been the officer exercising its powers, still reserves the right to prohibit the entry into Ireland of any English newspaper which may give information to "the enemy." One of the newspapers so prohibited was the *Sunday Express*, containing articles by an American journalist, said to have been dictated to him by the late Michael Collins. Some doubt has been thrown by the Free Staters on the authenticity of these articles, but whether they correctly represent what Mr. Collins said or not they certainly contain nothing which would have given any information to the Irregular troops. It is interesting, by the way, to observe that in Ireland the Irregulars are not referred to by that name, but are described as the Executive forces in distinction to the Free State forces, the theory being that they act under the orders of the old Republican Executive and that both bodies are branches of the I.R.A. This is a situation which surely demands straightening out in the interests of Mr. Cosgrave's expressed determination to stand by the Treaty. He has not made an auspicious start, if we are to believe the almost incredible report, published in the newspapers on Thursday, of a conference between General Mulcahy and de Valera. Is it the general practice in warfare to "confer" with your enemy without a previous armistice?

Nothing could have shown more clearly the value of the breathing-space gained by the temporizing decision of the Reparations Commission on September 1, than the calm reception in Paris of the first hitch in the Belgian negotiations with Germany. What this points to is an access of greater confidence in Paris in the authority of the Reparations Commission; and, as we have recently insisted, that has been the underlying *crux* in the political differences occasioned between France and England by the manifest incapacity of Germany, at the present moment, to make cash payments abroad on her reparations liabilities. It is only, we firmly believe, by strengthening the hands of the Commission, which was constituted under the Treaty directly for this purpose, that the Allies can ever arrive at a satisfactory solution of the whole reparations problem. We particularly welcome, therefore, the admirable analysis of the financial situation in Germany, published in the *Times* during the past week in a series of articles by its City Editor, whose conclusions entirely endorse this view. While making it perfectly clear that the wretched state of German finance is due to German financiers' policy of inflation rather than to their reparations liability, he insists that a moratorium is now indispensable while financial stability is being restored.

The League of Nations Assembly has this week completed its preliminary debate on the Council's report (which is analogous in some respects to a second reading discussion in the House of Commons), and has distributed itself into its various committees, the full Assembly meeting only intermittently during the Committee proceedings. The Committee which has attracted most attention has been that on the limitation of armaments, at which Lord Robert Cecil has re-stated the proposals which he made to the Temporary Mixed Commission of the League, and where important speeches have been made by British and French representatives—Lord Robert Cecil still sitting as the delegate for South Africa. It is significant that while the British representative on the Commission is a Cabinet minister, Mr. Fisher, the spokesman of France is M. de Jouvenel, who is editor of *Le Matin*. The distinction is, that whereas Mr. Fisher engages the Government by everything he says, M. Jouvenel can hardly be said to engage the French Government until it comes to a question of voting. The French Delegation at the Assembly, it cannot be too clearly realized, records its vote on instructions from the French Premier in Paris. On this subject a compromise has been effected which means shelving the question till next year.

Last week Mr. Lloyd George's speech on India, which was delivered in the House of Commons on August 2, was debated in the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly, the Upper and Lower Houses of the Indian Parliament. In the Upper Chamber a resolution which "conveyed the keen sense of apprehension and disappointment created in India" by that speech was negatived without a division, after five hours' discussion. But in the Assembly a resolution was passed by forty-eight votes to thirty-four, expressing "grave concern at the pronouncement made by the Prime Minister." As this is in effect a vote of censure—it has come to that!—we shall be interested to see what reply Mr. Lloyd George will make to it. It may be noted that in the course of the debate in the Assembly an Indian member, who condemned most severely the Prime Minister's statement that the reforms are an experiment, was forced to admit that he himself had made a similar statement only a year ago. The real trouble is that the experiment has gone much too fast.

On Monday the Mandate for Palestine was proclaimed in Jerusalem, and the Royal Commission was read appointing Sir Herbert Samuel High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in Palestine. Among those present at the ceremony was, curiously enough, the Emir Abdulla of Transjordan, a brother of King Feisal of Mesopotamia, and a pronounced Pan-Arab. Sir Herbert made a speech in which he said he hoped that Palestine would see an Arab and Jewish revival, and that when Britain laid down her historic trust and left Palestine the country would be well-populated, prosperous, and self-governing. We should very much like to know when that will be. We may note that while Sir Herbert was speaking the Arab shops in Jerusalem were closed by way of protest against the Mandate.

Elsewhere we deal with the present acute stage of the Near East crisis, and plead for as immediate a settlement as is possible. We give prominence to what seems to us an opportunity, of which advantage should be taken at once. Naturally the repercussions of the Turkish victories have been felt throughout the Moslem world—in North Africa as well as Asia. Britain, the greatest Mohammedan Power, is bound to be affected by them, and firm action may be necessary. The Turko-Kurdish disturbances which have occurred in the north of Mesopotamia are disquieting, for they are symptomatic of the troubles that are in store for us in that country. At the present moment,

however, it is inexpedient to advocate withdrawal from Mesopotamia, for such a proceeding would almost inevitably result in the country being overrun by Turks. A Turkish invasion would make short work of the tribes and play equal havoc with British prestige.

On the first of October, responsibility for the defence and policing of Mesopotamia is to be transferred to the Royal Air Force, and an Air Vice-Marshal will be Commander-in-Chief. There were, no doubt, good reasons for Mr. Churchill's decision to take advantage of the Air Force's capacity to cover long distances and its extreme mobility and rapidity of action. It ought to be cheaper, though it remains to be seen whether it will be. We confess, however, that we should like to have seen the adoption of the policy deferred until the very present dangers in that part of the world are passed. There have been serious attacks in the north, and the Turkish successes in Asia Minor almost certainly mean increased trouble in Kurdistan. Does it follow that an officer who has distinguished himself in flying, and in the organisation of warfare in the air, is likely to have experience, either in strategy or tactics, to enable him to handle fighting which (whatever methods are taken to establish contact with the enemy) must ultimately take place on the ground? If it is desired to employ Air Officers in these duties, surely the first essential is a Staff College course.

Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier, has replied effectively to the criticisms of the administration of Nauru, held under the Mandate of the League of Nations by Britain, Australia and New Zealand, but worked to all intents and purposes by Australia alone. This island in the Pacific is only twelve square miles in area, but is exceedingly rich in phosphates, the quantity that still remains being put at eighty million tons. During the war it was wrested from Germany by the Australians, and in Sydney it is stated that German propaganda at Geneva is really responsible for the charges brought against Australia, the chief of which was her alleged "merciless exploitation" of the natives. In the House of Representatives Mr. Hughes stated that the truth was that the natives, far from being ruthlessly exploited, had never been so well off as now, and that they had more than once expressed their satisfaction with the way in which they were treated. Of course it is the phosphates, and not the natives, that have drawn attention to Nauru.

Apparently a settlement of the vexed question of the status of Indians has been reached in Kenya. It is reported that at a meeting of the Executive Council of the Colony, at which the new Governor, Sir Robert Corydon, presided, it was agreed that there should be a common franchise, subject to an education test; that the greater part of the "Highlands" should be reserved for Europeans; and that the immigration of Indians should be considerably restricted. With the inclusion of the education test, this seems to be a sensible settlement, but we do not imagine it will commend itself to Indian politicals. These Indians, however, belong to the very classes which, in India itself, would have nothing in the world to do with the kind of Indians chiefly found in the Colony and other parts of Africa.

We heartily congratulate Mr. Leslie Urquhart, the chairman of the Russian-Asiatic Consolidated, on the successful issue of his long and often interrupted negotiations with the Soviet Government. It is much more of a triumph for him than for the Bolsheviks, for while the possessions in Russia of the corporation of which he is the head remain in theory nationalized, they are now, in practice, returned to their original

owners in the shape of a 99-years lease—a tremendous departure in the policy of the Soviets. It certainly is a most notable thing that a "plain business-man" has succeeded in coming to terms with the Bolshevik Government when the leading Governments of Europe utterly failed to make any headway. We observe that Mr. Urquhart is reported as saying that "there is no politics in the deal," but we should not be altogether surprised if some day politics had something to do with it.

Sufficient evidence has by now been collected and published to establish abundantly what everyone has long suspected, and more than suspected, to have been the fact—namely, that honours have frequently been offered for sale and that various persons have taken part in these transactions in the capacity of broker. A Cabinet Minister has in the past week been accused of complicity in a transaction of this kind, and though his name is not mentioned, the city in which the victim lives seems to furnish a clue to his identity. We think that the Premier can hardly overlook a plain accusation of this kind. On the other hand, the disclosures have reached a point where it is useless to go further unless information is forthcoming, not from those who refused temptation, but from those who succumbed to it. This, it is to be feared, we are hardly likely to get.

Quite a storm has been raised in the American Press by the publication of an alleged interview with Mr. Kipling, sent by Mrs. Sheridan last week to the *New York World*. Mr. Kipling has since denied having uttered what was attributed to him, but there is nothing in what was reported that might not have been said without offence, in a frank and friendly way, by any impetuous Englishman to any American—subject, of course, to an equally frank and friendly rejoinder. It is a mistake, however, to put such things into print, where they assume undue importance and are seen in wrong perspective; and Mrs. Sheridan ought to have known better, even if Mr. Kipling had really said what she put into his mouth. The American Secretary for War need not have "butted in" by officially denying the statement credited to Mr. Kipling, that it was the United States that insisted on peace instead of finishing the war in Berlin. Of course it was not. That the United States is still a "young country" is shown by all this ultra-sensitiveness there to what is thought to be implied in things quite naturally said abroad about American behaviour. Americans have still to learn to be tolerant in their new position of superiority.

With Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt has passed, for our time at least, the last representative of that type of aristocratic revolutionary which seems peculiarly English and which, indeed, if we except Mirabeau, is almost unknown in any other country. Blunt, in fact, belonged to the lineage of Byron and Shelley, and carried on to old age the rebellious enthusiasms which in them were so tragically cut short. He went to prison in Ireland at the height of the Land League disorders, and from 1882 till his death he was an active and recklessly outspoken supporter of the extreme forms of Egyptian nationalism, the mainstay of Arabi Pasha, the most outspoken opponent of Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener, and the friend and confidant of the modern party of Zaglouhl. He was, naturally, an extreme pro-Boer, and at the end of his published diaries he characteristically greeted the great war with the cheerful hope that it would be the end of the British Empire. His diaries are likely to live longer than his poetry, and constitute a social document of a remarkable kind, for they display his friendship with peers and ministers, continuous and undisturbed by his rebellious activities, a friendship which remained intact even after the somewhat devastating candour of the diaries themselves became public.

THE LION'S SHARE

A FORTNIGHT ago, in our Notes of the Week, we called attention to the reported decision of the Admiralty to include H.M.S. *Lion* in the schedule of ships to be sold and broken up as a result of the Washington agreement. Since then, letters which we have received have made us aware that there exists, as we suspected, a considerable public feeling on this subject. In the meantime, the Admiralty keeps silence and the decision apparently holds good.

It is easy to understand that in this matter the Board of Admiralty is in a somewhat delicate position. The *Lion* was the flag-ship of the First Sea Lord in every naval engagement in the North Sea, and it is natural that Lord Beatty should hesitate to give his support to a proposal which, by keeping his ship in commemoration of his victories, is in effect a proposal for maintaining a monument to himself. This consideration, however, need not, and ought not, to weigh with the First Lord, who could easily, if he chose, act in the matter by himself, while his action would certainly not be questioned. In doing so he would be strictly in accord with naval tradition, which has always been scrupulously to preserve a sense of continuity in the case of ships with battle honours. Those modern vessels which bear the names of the ships of Nelson or Hood always carry in a prominent place the names of the victories of their predecessors, and in special cases—of which, of course, the *Victory* is the chief—the original ship has herself been preserved and kept in commission, as an inspiration alike to the officers and men of the Royal Navy and to their fellow-countrymen on shore. To maintain the *Lion* as a depot ship flying the flag of the Admiral at Rosyth, in the same way as the *Victory* flies the flag of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, would therefore be strictly in accord with previous naval practice, and nothing in the Washington agreement exists to prevent Lord Lee giving instructions to that effect.

If the Admiralty persist in selling the *Lion* to be broken up they will not merely be affronting the sentiment and traditions of the Navy; they will also be running directly counter to what has been our national policy in regard to records of the Great War. The sentiment and sense of pride which kept the original *Victory* intact and in commission apart, there was little organized effort to maintain an adequate series of material relics and records of the Napoleonic war. Such weapons and badges and uniforms as are preserved in the United Service Museum have found their way there either by the exercise of individual piety or by chance.

In the Imperial War Museum, however, there is to be found collected by the Government, and for the most part at Government expense, a most carefully chosen series of records of every phase of British military and naval activity in the four years of war. It would be, in fact, easy to criticize the scope of the Museum as being too wide, and its show-cases as containing some trivialities without significance. But at any rate it was the product of a policy which believed that a national experience so searching in the test which it imposed on British character and so intimately bound up with every family in the kingdom, should be commemorated in such a way that in its relics everyone should find some starting-point for his imagination; and that the spirit which brought us victory, and which we believe will remain implicit in future generations, shall have something to call it up at will. So shall we keep the memory of our sons and grandsons aware of what had been done for them not less than for the generation which itself had the doing of it. Necessarily a museum, however well conceived and planned, can only be partially successful in an endeavour of this kind. The effort of imagination which can visualize the splendour and horror of a battle from the sight of rows of trench mortars and howitzers, of steel helmets and gas masks, is considerable, and the capacity to exercise it rare.

The same thing applies to the detail of naval relics, to detached guns and torpedoes and even models of ships. But once preserve the ship itself and how easy the exercise of a reconstructive imagination becomes. The appearance of the *Victory*, outwardly and between decks, enables you to realize vividly and with exactness the conditions of the great Battle of Trafalgar, and of other battles which went before it. So the *Lion*, with her memories of the Heligoland Bight and the Dogger Bank and Jutland, can give anyone who sees her or walks her deck, something of the pride which those who fought in her felt, and something of the emotion which the people who fringed the Firth of Forth used to feel when the Battle Cruiser fleet came home after action. If we are in earnest in our wish to commemorate the war by the retention of material relics of it, then the maintenance of H.M.S. *Lion* disarmed, and if necessary disarmed, is and ought to be without question.

She lies now [writes Mr. Filson Young of her, in his book 'With the Battle Cruisers'] in that northern harbour which was her lair in the fighting days, in the repose of the Reserve and a nucleus crew; dreaming, I hope, of the chase and of the days when she was launched like a grey thunderbolt at the enemy. She and her two great sisters were noble examples of the ship designer's art. Their lines below water were sweet and wonderful; they steered like boats, and never failed to respond when the impossible in the way of speed was asked of them. And one of them has found a sea grave where the ignominy of the disposal list and the ship-knacker can never overtake her.

It is our duty to see that such ignominy shall not overtake the *Lion* either. The *Lion's* share in the winning of victory and the maintenance of a fine tradition has not earned her so ignoble a fate.

THE PREMIER AND THE LEAGUE

FEW people have less to learn in the manipulation of publicity than our respected Prime Minister. For the last three weeks he has kept the assembled statesmen of the world in Geneva in a state of delicious suspense. He is going; he will go if he is invited; he is waiting to hear from Lord Balfour; he is certain to go; perhaps he may not go after all. At the moment of writing the latest bulletin seems again to indicate a doubt. None the less we are inclined to the belief that the Prime Minister will in fact go when the suspense has been developed to a crescendo, and that his arrival in Geneva will be the occasion for an unparalleled concentration of the leading statesmen of Europe at that favoured spot. The magnet once arrived, such odd pieces of tractable metal as Monsieur Poincaré, Signor Schanzer and the Belgian Prime Minister will be drawn there too, and amid the clash of an oratorical finale comparable only to the massed Guards bands, the curtain will be rung down on the third assembly of the League of Nations.

His inveterate capacity for showmanship apart, there is a serious aspect in the visit of the Prime Minister to the League Assembly, should it take place. There have been three Assemblies since the League came into action with the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles, and twenty-one meetings of the League Council. At only one of these meetings, the first, has the Foreign Secretary of England been present, though Lord Balfour has occasionally sat when at the same time he was acting in Lord Curzon's place in Downing Street. The Prime Minister has never been present and, indeed, neither has the Prime Minister of any of the principal Allied powers. Their reason for this abstention was clear enough. Once admit by your presence at the Council that the League of Nations was the main organ of international action for the powers which had seats upon it, and you would have removed from the Supreme Council the reason of its being. A country like Sweden sent her Prime Minister to council meetings where her presence was required though she was not a regular

member, but that was because the Council of the League is the only organ at the disposal of Sweden for international action, and in any case was the organ to which the dispute between Sweden and Finland had been referred at the friendly instance of this country. The principal Allied powers have not so far referred to the Council any question involving themselves alone, with one exception—that of Upper Silesia, and Upper Silesia was only referred because the Supreme Council had hopelessly disagreed about it. If the Prime Minister goes to the Assembly he can hardly avoid sitting at the Council which is in permanent if intermittent session while the Assembly is in progress. If he does go to the Council of the League he has, without doubt, given the first warning of the ultimate and probably imminent dissolution of the Supreme Council.

When the history of the years immediately succeeding the war comes to be written, the historian will be puzzled to define and explain the attitude of the three chief European Allies, England, France and Italy, towards the League of Nations. They made it, no doubt, in the first instance as a means of inducing President Wilson to agree to other terms in the Peace settlement which might have appeared at variance with his publicly expressed views. They have been scrupulous to take part in its proceedings and to delegate to it a sufficient amount of work to justify its continuance and to ensure a fairly regular activity on the part of its various organs, while being careful, with very few exceptions, to deny it access to any of the major international problems which resulted from the war. You can detect in their handling of it a desire to make use cautiously of one article of the covenant after another, so that none should be allowed to become a dead letter because no action had been taken on its provisions. The British Government has been especially adroit in its policy of keeping the League alive without allowing it to display enough vitality to be inconvenient. When Mr. Chamberlain was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he referred to the League Council the study of the financial and economic consequences of the war, and the Brussels Conference of September, 1920, was the result. Nothing came of it, and the process was quite unnecessarily repeated at Genoa. In a similar way it was the British Government which referred the Aaland Island dispute to the League, in that case with happier results. There have been other instances of the same kind and the policy of keeping the League effectively in being (though with no embarrassing activity) was insured by the punctuality with which, almost alone of the States which are members, Great Britain paid her contributions to League expenses, and guaranteed the maintenance of the League organization in any case where there was a temporary deficit. Beyond this, however, until quite recently, the Government has shown little inclination to go, and we have been confronted in England with the paradox that though the Prime Minister has consistently in public stated his confidence in the League and its future he has always, with the exception of the case of Upper Silesia, deprecated using it in any matter of capital importance, and has in fact allowed it to be the main weapon against him of the only coherent opposition to his foreign policy which exists in this country. The French attitude has been somewhat different. Though no proposal has come from France to replace the Supreme Council by the Council of the League, it has been clear to careful observers of League policy that France has taken a much closer interest in the daily working of the institution and has been at much greater pains than ourselves to endeavour to get League decisions to conform to the French standpoint. The Upper Silesian decision, for instance, and the general trend of League policy in matters affecting Poland have, it is fair to say, represented French rather than British points of view. So while England can claim that it has done more than any other country for the League materially, France can with equal justice claim that, more than

any other power, she has paid it the compliment of endeavouring to use it as a means of diplomatic expression.

There has in the last few months been a certain change in the attitude of the two countries. While France under M. Poincaré seems to show a slight tendency to cool off, the British Premier's attitude towards the League has swung in the other direction. It began with his recent speech to the delegates of the Free Churches, which was an unqualified statement of the triumph of the League as the only hope for civilization. That speech was enforced by his subsequent offer to remit to it the whole reparations question, an offer not accepted by M. Poincaré. It is certain that such a plan would be acceptable to Germany, would be supported by the ex-neutral States represented at the Assembly and would probably not be received with hostility by the smaller Allies. Is Mr. Lloyd George going to Geneva to renew this proposal, and will the French, if he does so, consent to discuss it? But whether he is going for this great purpose, or to lend his weight to the League proposals for the limitation of armaments, or even only to confront the narrow but still important problem of Austria, or, finally, if it is only for the sake of making a large oratorical gesture on a platform which is unique, his visit will mark a new departure in our international relations. It will be the end of Act 1 of the great drama, "After the War."

SETTLE WITH TURKEY!

FROM both the military and the political points of view, the extreme danger of the situation in the Near East is now more evident than it was a week ago when we commented on it in a leading article. Later dispatches have filled up the gaps in the story of the victories of the Kemalists Turks and of the Greek debacle, which was completed by the Greek abandonment of Smyrna without a struggle. In the north alone, in the direction of Brusa, were the Turks held up, but this success had no real influence on the general result, and the Greek army in that area has since been evacuated. The main forces of the Greeks escaped, but their losses in men, and especially in material, must have been very heavy. After what has occurred in Asia Minor, Greece can place very little reliance on her troops in Thrace, and for the moment, at all events, she may be said to have no military value as a State. On the other hand, the triumphs of Mustafa Kemal, who, it must be admitted, has proved himself a capable soldier, ensures the return of Anatolia to Turkey, with the exception—and it is a very important exception—of the Zone of the Straits.

The strategic position is such that Kemal may be expected, after leaving garrisons at Smyrna and other points on the Mediterranean coast, to direct the greater part of his troops towards the Straits. But this movement will have to be preceded by the reorganization of his army, and in any case, with railway communications destroyed (as they probably are), it will take some time. This should provide the Three Allies with an opportunity for coming to a settlement with him, for though he has some troops in the neighbourhood of Ismid they are not sufficient for an attack in force. Naturally the Turkish Nationalists are in an exultant frame of mind, and as all things seem possible to them now, they are urging the forcing of the Straits, or at any rate the occupation of the Zone on the Anatolian side. But an attempt at occupation of the Anatolian Zone would bring the Kemalists forces into immediate contact with the Allies who now hold it. They hold it, however, with very weak detachments, and this in itself is a great danger, for "regrettable incidents" might happen only too easily, and produce very serious developments. Kemal has been reminded by the Three Allies of the existence of the Zone—a fact of which he was well aware—and informed that it will

be defended against him; it is probable therefore that no authorized assault will be made on it. Reviewing all the circumstances, it seems more likely that, as a considerable delay is imposed on Kemal's concentration of a large force towards the Straits, he will temporize. But we repeat emphatically that the Three Allies should take advantage of this pause to come to terms with him and make a fair and durable settlement with the least possible delay.

What should that settlement be? Of course the political situation has become more complicated and difficult on account of the Turkish victories, but it is well once more to recall that there is already a proposed settlement—that which the Allied Foreign Ministers drew up at Paris last March, and which, we think, should be the basis of a settlement now. It provided for the eventual evacuation of Asia Minor by the Greeks. The Turks have taken the business into their own hands, and have driven out the Greeks; that, at least, is settled. No one now is going to challenge the right of the Turks to their homeland of Anatolia. The Paris proposals declared for the freedom of the Straits, which was to be secured by the formation of fairly broad demilitarized zones on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles and of the Bosphorus, and by the continued occupation of the Gallipoli Peninsula by the Allies. Further, it was provided that the navigation of the Straits was to be regulated by an International Commission, with a Turk at the head of it. Touching the defence of Constantinople it was proposed that a portion of Thrace, a good deal in excess of that allotted under the Treaty of Sévres, should be added so as to give a defensive frontier, while at the same time another fairly broad demilitarized area was created. A point worth remarking was that Turkey was permitted to have much larger armed forces than had been allowed her under the Treaty of Sévres.

These proposals do not agree with the terms of the settlement that have been announced more than once by the Angora Government, which is another name for Kemal. The Nationalists demand all Thrace, including Adrianople, the abolition of the Zones in their favour, and the possession of Constantinople, though they say they are willing to give guarantees, whatever that may mean, for the freedom of the Straits. As these demands, if acceded to, imply the restoration of Turkish military power in Europe, Yugo-Slavia has already entered a protest, and Rumania is pretty certain to follow suit. Neither of these States wishes to see a contiguous frontier between Bulgaria and Turkey, such as would result if Turkey recovered the whole of Thrace. At the present time, Yugo-Slavia (the basis of which is Serbia), is a more considerable military power than Turkey, and the Kemalists will do well to remember this. The questions of the Zones and of Constantinople, with the freedom of the Straits, go together. They really form one question, and one of vital importance to the British Empire. The graves in Gallipoli remind us that one of the chief things for which we fought and defeated Turkey was the keeping open of the Dardanelles. The freedom of the Straits is hardly less important to France and Italy, to say nothing of Rumania.

There is yet another consideration, and one that has its own significance. Soviet Russia has supported Kemal, and Moscow has rejoiced in his victories as jubilantly as Angora itself. It is stated authoritatively, that there is a treaty between them looking to their common control of the Straits, which, it scarcely need be said, would be a most unfortunate thing for the rest of Europe. People have been asking doubtfully what would be the attitude of France in this matter of the freedom of the Straits. It is most satisfactory to hear that she has given to Britain official assurances that she agrees that it must be maintained. Some minor concessions may be made to Turkey, but if on the major aspects of the Near East question there is a real concord of the Three Allies the situation can be met and saved. But it must be done at once.

OLD WIVES AND PRETTY LADIES

By JAMES AGATE

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT is the most practically-minded man of his generation. Like Mr. Dick, he has ever been prepared to set us right on all manner of subjects; from bath-room taps to How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day, from the proper way to read books to the best way to write them. A "fine pragmatic," in Jonson's phrase, his whole lifetime's spirit breathing abhorrence of waste, it is strange that he should at this eleventh hour commit the most wasteful sin of all—the misuse of an opportunity.

The Regent Theatre is the old Euston Music Hall transformed, an immense house situated near the three big railway stations, and in the midst of mean streets. The proprietors, it appears from the programme, are "The Variety Theatres Consolidated, Ltd.," the presenters of the play "The Directors of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith." From these nebulous bodies I can disengage only the author, the concrete Mr. Bennett, and the producer, the no less actual Mr. Nigel Playfair. Let me say at once that there is no moral obligation on these gentlemen to behave as altruists and nothing more; that to keep an eye on the main chance is a perfectly proper proceeding. Yet was it necessary, in the circumstances, to stare that chance quite so full in the face? One noticed round the doors of the new theatre, not the usual crowd of comfortably-circumstanced idlers, but a mob many hundreds strong, ragged, ill-conditioned, obviously drawn from the neighbouring slums. In the midst of all this wretchedness, in its own theatre, were now installed, not a struggling playwright and manager, striving to keep body and soul together, but one of the most successful of the world's novelists and one of the most famous of its producers of plays. I frankly refuse to believe that the choice of opening play was the result of any conscious flouting of responsibilities; I believe simply that their existence had not been grasped. Yet surely it should have been obvious that a mass of people whom no playwright had yet addressed, and a great writer, made up a conjunction out of the run of ordinary commercial enterprise. It is silly to talk of a "mission" in the theatre. Nobody hates that cant phrase more than I, yet I am persuaded that if Mr. Bennett had taken thought he would have explored his mind for something to worthier purpose than a repetition of his old gibe at pretty ladies. What's Lady Mab to the King's Cross railway-man? He sees her portrait in the papers, laughs, makes his blunt comment, and turns to the betting news. He will not, I am convinced, think it worth his while to visit the Regent Theatre to watch a display of folly in a cubist drawing-room.

If 'Body and Soul' had been presented at a West End theatre, I should stress the point that Lady Mab is not well done. She is not a fine creature bred out to inanity; she is not, in fact, bred at all. With a dress which enwraps the right half of her as though she were an Eskimo, leaving the left half as bare as a South Sea Islander, she is the Lady Mab of the little dress-maker's imaginings. Fielding, revelling over Lady Booby, left us in no doubt that she was a person of quality. Mr. Bennett's play is the literary counterpart of that gesture whereby the street-urchin shows his contempt for the quality. What good is this talk about Psychology to the corner-boys of the Euston Road? In the lexicon of those bright youths there's no such word; at best they will confuse it with the horse of that name which let them down so badly in this year's Derby. I cannot think that even that poor thing, the main chance, has been well served. The first-night audience was of a "brilliance" purely migratory; you would have said the St. James's. It applauded jokes which, at that theatre, would have been welcome. I doubt, however, whether the little Camden Town typist, whose endeavours to refine her speech result in such enormities as "tape-rater," is likely to be amused by her prototype on the stage. By

some extraordinary accident the pilgrimage to Hammersmith "caught on." (Let us not be gammoned by a plea as to the merit of 'The Beggar's Opera.' There's a queer element of luck in these matters. 'Diff'rent,' a magnificent play, magnificently acted, brought no crowds to Hampstead.) Either Mr. Playfair is relying upon a repetition of the miracle, or he must believe Mr. Bennett's fantasy to be suited to the former patrons of the Euston Music Hall. But plays which are to draw the Euston Road must, I submit, offer comment upon life as that road knows it, convey emotion which it can understand. There is one admirable character in the play, the Mayoress of Bursley, most beautifully played by Miss Dora Gregory. This is the humanity to which Mr. Bennett brings tenderness, humour and his sterling Midland grit; it is the one side of life which reveals him as the great artist. Nothing could be truer than the Mayoress's self-possessed "I've a duty to per-form, Ezra, and I shall per-form it. I shall keep my place, and I shall see as her ladyship keeps hers." This is true, even in the Euston Road. As soon as this writer touches smarter London, fineness and sensitiveness depart; his satirical writing hangs on him like the Sunday clothes of his Midland gawks. I sometimes think that Mr. Bennett despises the theatre; it is certainly the vehicle which he chooses for his least emotional work. And the theatre, whenever it detects this, will take its revenge and decline to take Mr. Bennett to its bosom. Emotion is that which a theatre-audience will have. Bad or false emotion is, in this medium, better than none. The melodramatic excesses of the Brothers Melville, Mr. Chevalier's 'My Old Dutch,' Miss Dell's 'The Way of an Eagle,' are better plays than 'Body and Soul.' I will even say that they are more artistic, since they stick more closely to that old dictum of Aristotle, that the artist shall consent to his medium. The audience at a popular theatre is part of the medium.

At the Regent Theatre we are invited to laugh at Lady Mab. The "brilliant" first-nighters made the allowances necessitated by her bringing up, but I am afraid future audiences will take her for inconsiderable trash and no more. Her talk of earning her own living is playwright's bunkum. She does not know how to make a cup of tea or scrub a floor, her only practicable walk in life is the shameful perambulation. If the play were the least little bit convincing, if it were not swaddled in spoof, spiritualism and quackery, I should declare it to be the very torch of mob-incendiarity. If the working-classes had only a few brains they would, after the performance, repair to Park Lane and pull the houses about their plutocratic owners' ears and noses. If they had more brains they would do this by Act of Parliament. If they had still more they would not pull down palaces but build up cottages. But inasmuch as they have no brains at all, they will just guffaw. Or rather, a few of them will make that delectable noise; the others will continue to find the betting news more interesting. I hope only that they will guffaw with and not at Miss Viola Tree, whose performance brought a lump into my throat. It was, oh! so utterly well-intentioned and hopeless, conscientious and helpless. Miss Tree is a dear, and it was naughty of Mr. Bennett to use her so. The part of the typist might with advantage be cut up in little bits and sent round the music-halls. Miss Nan Marriott Watson was very good as the 'cute little shop-girl, but does Mr. Bennett imagine that Bursley would, in the wildest clod-hoppings of its imagination, have mistaken the typist for the daughter of a marquis? Actors have hitherto considered Goldsmith's overshadowed Hastings as the worst part ever inflicted on a mime. Mr. Bennett's Aaron Draper is streets ahead of him in futility, and my heart went out to Mr. Martin Walker as he struggled with his long cadenza of inanition. To charm the eye there were pot-bank chimneys of delicate pink and gasometers of tender, ethereal blue. The ear was less pleased with the waltz themes from 'Der Rosenkavalier' made to sound like Waldteufel.

'Secrets,' at the Comedy Theatre, is one of the most fragrant little domestic symphonies I have seen. Chelsea and Hampstead may sneer at its simplicities; so much the worse for those recalcitrant suburbs. Its theme is marriage, an institution which, in this country, is less preposterous than some foreign writers would have us suppose. For "marriage" our high-brows read "Strindberg," a diabolically clever dramatist and naughty child of Ibsen, a creature entirely abnormal, neither virile nor effeminate, the victim of no passion save that of insatiable vanity. Why we should look to this a-sexual little monster to enlighten us about marriages made in Porchester Terrace I really do not know. Better for the normal Englishman, tax-payer, golfer, and reader of *Punch*, that he seek simple wisdom from Mr. Rudolf Besier and Miss May Edginton, whose pretty story of Darby and Joan contains ninety per cent. of English truth. Joan, in this play, is not entirely a fool. She realizes that there is infidelity of the body and unfaithfulness of the spirit, and that the two things have nothing to do with each other. I am still uncertain as to whether Miss Fay Compton is an actress or not. If to be unable to assume any quality save innocence, yet with that innocence to stir emotions you had thought lost beyond recall, is to be a great actress, then this little lady takes high rank indeed. Mr. Leon Quartermaine's passion is, as always, incomparable. But it is Miss Helen Haye who, stepping out of the pages of the early Victorian novelists, in this play compels my extremest admiration.

SATURDAY WALKS

VII—SUSSEX GORSE

BY GERALD BARRY

IN the early morning, when the smoke from Storrington kitchens was rising slow and sullen through the rain, I wound my way up to the top of the hills and set a course for Amberley. Presently the rain fell more heavily, and I went for refuge towards a battered hut crouched under the fringe of a small beech-clump. A dog ran out barking at my approach, and an old, crooked hag of a woman, all nose and straggling grey hair, thrust her sinister form round the doorway. She did not call her dog off; instead, a malicious grin creased her face and she croaked at me like a frog; and at her presence the wind howled louder through the torn roof of her barn, and the trees shook their drenched branches over me and turned their dark leaves inside out; so I made haste and tarried not. They told me at Amberley she was a gipsy, but that is a tale they tell to strangers; and I know that if you or I should come there after nightfall we might find her seated cobbler-wise on the floor within a drawn circle of chalk, mixing her potion—wood-doves' eyes and a crow's entrails and deadly nightshade and the milk of goats—while her dog sat, beside her, howling through the rent gable at a scudding moon. Small wonder she had grinned! No powers of darkness could penetrate that magic circle drawn with the very stuff and substance of the great hills.

At Amberley, I abandoned the Downs to the wind and rain and entered an inn by the station. Seated there was an old countryman. "Not very seasonable weather," I said. (You must not blame me for my choice of subject, for it was of all topics the one most calculated to draw him.) In reply he slowly shook his head, and after a great while his voice spoke. It was like watching a distant ship from the shore, when you see a cloud of steam rising from before its funnel, and after the cloud has died away the sound of a siren reaches your ears. So this fellow's thought travelled faster than his speech. "Yers," he said. Undismayed, I tried again. "Not particularly seasonable, I thought." Not for him the snares of controversy and argument. "Nao," he said, simply.

We got on better after that. The rain, he confided, was terr'ble. There'd been no sun for a dunnamany

days. Why, hay was only middlin' good, so 'twas, but grain (this required a steady gulp from his tankard) grain . . . Mebbe I knew Jim Harkins? No? Well, Jim Harkins had a field o' oots and middle'r June they oots were finest bit o' oots he'd ever seen. Ah, they oots were in good heart and no mistake. But now—I oughter see 'em oots now. "They be all knocked down and no good, so they be. Oh, yers." I was sorry about the oats and told him so; perhaps, I said, a pint of ale would help. And so we pledged our friendship and drank to better harvests, and I passed on my way into the village.

Through the snug churchyard I went and into the Bishop's Palace, the gaunt, grey walls of which reared up and mingled with the grey, gaunt sky. In their angles and crevices an occasional scabious or yellow poppy flaunted an impudent flash of colour, and its presence on this grim day was an intrusion. From wall to wall and bare to the sky stretched a green carpet of grass, so that one trod its rich pile with noiseless feet, like the ghosts of dead dignitaries who fill its hollow rood by moonlight, and wind in shadowy procession under its slim archway. Yet to judge from the thickness of the walls and the scanty use of windows, these past episcoparies had little time for ritual; and I think that more often than the shafts of sunlight streamed through those narrow apertures, falling upon men bowed in prayer, the shafts of the Church Militant sped outwards from humming bows, to fall on the bowed heads of a beleaguering foe.

There is a walk across marshland to reach the ferry over Arun, and most of it now was flooded. I could see, too, by the faint curling and creeping of water round my feet that the tide was running in. There was nothing for it but to paddle or make a detour of several miles. Off came shoes and socks, up went trousers, and through eight inches of water covering mud and grass I slithered my way to what ought to have been the river bank. There was Charon's black hulk and lonely oar, but between it and his safe abode a swollen torrent raged. I filled my lungs and shouted. Charon shouted back. "Can't get . . . boat" came on the wind. A man's reprieve is seldom at its most effective when he is standing in a steady downpour, with shoes slung round neck and water well over ankles, and a hundred yards of swirling tide and a high contrary wind between him and the butt of his wit. But I managed to convey to Charon across the waters my opinion that what a mere landlubber could do, he, a waterman, might even accomplish; whereupon he plunged booted into Lethe, untethered his barque and ferried me across. At the sight of silver he brightened, and recommended the 'Dog and Duck' for lunch. "More duck than dog this weather too, sir," he grinned, and ran squelching off to change his boots.

Steep up Westburton hill I climbed refreshed, skirting the woods that here hang on the hillside and out over the spur of Bignor, till I set foot on the sunken way of Stane Street, that loops like a ribbon over the hills from Chichester, and runs northward straight as the flight of an arrow by way of Pulborough—wrapt in rain—and Leith Hill and Dorking to London. My feet marched lonely up the steep road that rang long ago to the tramp of dusty legions, and left it at the summit of the hill, where it pointed to the faint spire of Chichester Cathedral, and beyond it, as I knew, the sea. Around me as I moved forward lay the scattered debris of recent forestry, curled chips, low stumps, and dank discarded branches. Beyond, Halnaker's gaunt mill stood limbless on the hilltop. "Hannaker's down and England's done," sang Belloc, when the sweeps first fell from Halnaker Mill. But he reckoned without the tall trees and strong limbs of Sussex, that gave of their strength and of their beauty. And the "Spirits that called on a falling nation" called not in vain: the trees fell and the limbs lie broken, but England stands yet.

The same thing applies to the detail of naval relics, to detached guns and torpedoes and even models of ships. But once preserve the ship itself and how easy the exercise of a reconstructive imagination becomes. The appearance of the *Victory*, outwardly and between decks, enables you to realize vividly and with exactness the conditions of the great Battle of Trafalgar, and of other battles which went before it. So the *Lion*, with her memories of the Heligoland Bight and the Dogger Bank and Jutland, can give anyone who sees her or walks her deck, something of the pride which those who fought in her felt, and something of the emotion which the people who fringed the Firth of Forth used to feel when the Battle Cruiser fleet came home after action. If we are in earnest in our wish to commemorate the war by the retention of material relics of it, then the maintenance of H.M.S. *Lion* disarmed, and if necessary disarmoured, is and ought to be without question.

She lies now [writes Mr. Filson Young of her, in his book 'With the Battle Cruisers'] in that northern harbour which was her lair in the fighting days, in the repose of the Reserve and a nucleus crew; dreaming, I hope, of the chase and of the days when she was launched like a grey thunderbolt at the enemy. She and her two great sisters were noble examples of the ship designer's art. Their lines below water were sweet and wonderful; they steered like boats, and never failed to respond when the impossible in the way of speed was asked of them. And one of them has found a sea grave where the ignominy of the disposal list and the ship-knacker can never overtake her.

It is our duty to see that such ignominy shall not overtake the *Lion* either. The *Lion's* share in the winning of victory and the maintenance of a fine tradition has not earned her so ignoble a fate.

THE PREMIER AND THE LEAGUE

FEW people have less to learn in the manipulation of publicity than our respected Prime Minister. For the last three weeks he has kept the assembled statesmen of the world in Geneva in a state of delicious suspense. He is going; he will go if he is invited; he is waiting to hear from Lord Balfour; he is certain to go; perhaps he may not go after all. At the moment of writing the latest bulletin seems again to indicate a doubt. None the less we are inclined to the belief that the Prime Minister will in fact go when the suspense has been developed to a crescendo, and that his arrival in Geneva will be the occasion for an unparalleled concentration of the leading statesmen of Europe at that favoured spot. The magnet once arrived, such odd pieces of tractable metal as Monsieur Poincaré, Signor Schanzer and the Belgian Prime Minister will be drawn there too, and amid the clash of an oratorical finale comparable only to the massed Guards bands, the curtain will be rung down on the third assembly of the League of Nations.

His inveterate capacity for showmanship apart, there is a serious aspect in the visit of the Prime Minister to the League Assembly, should it take place. There have been three Assemblies since the League came into action with the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles, and twenty-one meetings of the League Council. At only one of these meetings, the first, has the Foreign Secretary of England been present, though Lord Balfour has occasionally sat when at the same time he was acting in Lord Curzon's place in Downing Street. The Prime Minister has never been present and, indeed, neither has the Prime Minister of any of the principal Allied powers. Their reason for this abstention was clear enough. Once admit by your presence at the Council that the League of Nations was the main organ of international action for the powers which had seats upon it, and you would have removed from the Supreme Council the reason of its being. A country like Sweden sent her Prime Minister to council meetings where her presence was required though she was not a regular

member, but that was because the Council of the League is the only organ at the disposal of Sweden for international action, and in any case was the organ to which the dispute between Sweden and Finland had been referred at the friendly instance of this country. The principal Allied powers have not so far referred to the Council any question involving themselves alone, with one exception—that of Upper Silesia, and Upper Silesia was only referred because the Supreme Council had hopelessly disagreed about it. If the Prime Minister goes to the Assembly he can hardly avoid sitting at the Council which is in permanent if intermittent session while the Assembly is in progress. If he does go to the Council of the League he has, without doubt, given the first warning of the ultimate and probably imminent dissolution of the Supreme Council.

When the history of the years immediately succeeding the war comes to be written, the historian will be puzzled to define and explain the attitude of the three chief European Allies, England, France and Italy, towards the League of Nations. They made it, no doubt, in the first instance as a means of inducing President Wilson to agree to other terms in the Peace settlement which might have appeared at variance with his publicly expressed views. They have been scrupulous to take part in its proceedings and to delegate to it a sufficient amount of work to justify its continuance and to ensure a fairly regular activity on the part of its various organs, while being careful, with very few exceptions, to deny it access to any of the major international problems which resulted from the war. You can detect in their handling of it a desire to make use cautiously of one article of the covenant after another, so that none should be allowed to become a dead letter because no action had been taken on its provisions. The British Government has been especially adroit in its policy of keeping the League alive without allowing it to display enough vitality to be inconvenient. When Mr. Chamberlain was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he referred to the League Council the study of the financial and economic consequences of the war, and the Brussels Conference of September, 1920, was the result. Nothing came of it, and the process was quite unnecessarily repeated at Genoa. In a similar way it was the British Government which referred the Aaland Island dispute to the League, in that case with happier results. There have been other instances of the same kind and the policy of keeping the League effectively in being (though with no embarrassing activity) was insured by the punctuality with which, almost alone of the States which are members, Great Britain paid her contributions to League expenses, and guaranteed the maintenance of the League organization in any case where there was a temporary deficit. Beyond this, however, until quite recently, the Government has shown little inclination to go, and we have been confronted in England with the paradox that though the Prime Minister has consistently in public stated his confidence in the League and its future he has always, with the exception of the case of Upper Silesia, deprecated using it in any matter of capital importance, and has in fact allowed it to be the main weapon against him of the only coherent opposition to his foreign policy which exists in this country. The French attitude has been somewhat different. Though no proposal has come from France to replace the Supreme Council by the Council of the League, it has been clear to careful observers of League policy that France has taken a much closer interest in the daily working of the institution and has been at much greater pains than ourselves to endeavour to get League decisions to conform to the French standpoint. The Upper Silesian decision, for instance, and the general trend of League policy in matters affecting Poland have, it is fair to say, represented French rather than British points of view. So while England can claim that it has done more than any other country for the League materially, France can with equal justice claim that, more than

any other power, she has paid it the compliment of endeavouring to use it as a means of diplomatic expression.

There has in the last few months been a certain change in the attitude of the two countries. While France under M. Poincaré seems to show a slight tendency to cool off, the British Premier's attitude towards the League has swung in the other direction. It began with his recent speech to the delegates of the Free Churches, which was an unqualified statement of the triumph of the League as the only hope for civilization. That speech was enforced by his subsequent offer to remit to it the whole reparations question, an offer not accepted by M. Poincaré. It is certain that such a plan would be acceptable to Germany, would be supported by the ex-neutral States represented at the Assembly and would probably not be received with hostility by the smaller Allies. Is Mr. Lloyd George going to Geneva to renew this proposal, and will the French, if he does so, consent to discuss it? But whether he is going for this great purpose, or to lend his weight to the League proposals for the limitation of armaments, or even only to confront the narrow but still important problem of Austria, or, finally, if it is only for the sake of making a large oratorical gesture on a platform which is unique, his visit will mark a new departure in our international relations. It will be the end of Act I of the great drama, "After the War."

SETTLE WITH TURKEY!

FROM both the military and the political points of view, the extreme danger of the situation in the Near East is now more evident than it was a week ago when we commented on it in a leading article. Later dispatches have filled up the gaps in the story of the victories of the Kemalist Turks and of the Greek debacle, which was completed by the Greek abandonment of Smyrna without a struggle. In the north alone, in the direction of Brusa, were the Turks held up, but this success had no real influence on the general result, and the Greek army in that area has since been evacuated. The main forces of the Greeks escaped, but their losses in men, and especially in material, must have been very heavy. After what has occurred in Asia Minor, Greece can place very little reliance on her troops in Thrace, and for the moment, at all events, she may be said to have no military value as a State. On the other hand, the triumphs of Mustafa Kemal, who, it must be admitted, has proved himself a capable soldier, ensures the return of Anatolia to Turkey, with the exception—and it is a very important exception—of the Zone of the Straits.

The strategic position is such that Kemal may be expected, after leaving garrisons at Smyrna and other points on the Mediterranean coast, to direct the greater part of his troops towards the Straits. But this movement will have to be preceded by the reorganization of his army, and in any case, with railway communications destroyed (as they probably are), it will take some time. This should provide the Three Allies with an opportunity for coming to a settlement with him, for though he has some troops in the neighbourhood of Ismid they are not sufficient for an attack in force. Naturally the Turkish Nationalists are in an exultant frame of mind, and as all things seem possible to them now, they are urging the forcing of the Straits, or at any rate the occupation of the Zone on the Anatolian side. But an attempt at occupation of the Anatolian Zone would bring the Kemalist forces into immediate contact with the Allies who now hold it. They hold it, however, with very weak detachments, and this in itself is a great danger, for "regrettable incidents" might happen only too easily, and produce very serious developments. Kemal has been reminded by the Three Allies of the existence of the Zone—a fact of which he was well aware—and informed that it will

be defended against him; it is probable therefore that no authorized assault will be made on it. Reviewing all the circumstances, it seems more likely that, as a considerable delay is imposed on Kemal's concentration of a large force towards the Straits, he will temporize. But we repeat emphatically that the Three Allies should take advantage of this pause to come to terms with him and make a fair and durable settlement with the least possible delay.

What should that settlement be? Of course the political situation has become more complicated and difficult on account of the Turkish victories, but it is well once more to recall that there is already a proposed settlement—that which the Allied Foreign Ministers drew up at Paris last March, and which, we think, should be the basis of a settlement now. It provided for the eventual evacuation of Asia Minor by the Greeks. The Turks have taken the business into their own hands, and have driven out the Greeks; that, at least, is settled. No one now is going to challenge the right of the Turks to their homeland of Anatolia. The Paris proposals declared for the freedom of the Straits, which was to be secured by the formation of fairly broad demilitarized zones on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles and of the Bosphorus, and by the continued occupation of the Gallipoli Peninsula by the Allies. Further, it was provided that the navigation of the Straits was to be regulated by an International Commission, with a Turk at the head of it. Touching the defence of Constantinople it was proposed that a portion of Thrace, a good deal in excess of that allotted under the Treaty of Sévres, should be added so as to give a defensive frontier, while at the same time another fairly broad demilitarized area was created. A point worth remarking was that Turkey was permitted to have much larger armed forces than had been allowed her under the Treaty of Sévres.

These proposals do not agree with the terms of the settlement that have been announced more than once by the Angora Government, which is another name for Kemal. The Nationalists demand all Thrace, including Adrianople, the abolition of the Zones in their favour, and the possession of Constantinople, though they say they are willing to give guarantees, whatever that may mean, for the freedom of the Straits. As these demands, if acceded to, imply the restoration of Turkish military power in Europe, Yugo-Slavia has already entered a protest, and Rumania is pretty certain to follow suit. Neither of these States wishes to see a contiguous frontier between Bulgaria and Turkey, such as would result if Turkey recovered the whole of Thrace. At the present time, Yugo-Slavia (the basis of which is Serbia), is a more considerable military power than Turkey, and the Kemalists will do well to remember this. The questions of the Zones and of Constantinople, with the freedom of the Straits, go together. They really form one question, and one of vital importance to the British Empire. The graves in Gallipoli remind us that one of the chief things for which we fought and defeated Turkey was the keeping open of the Dardanelles. The freedom of the Straits is hardly less important to France and Italy, to say nothing of Rumania.

There is yet another consideration, and one that has its own significance. Soviet Russia has supported Kemal, and Moscow has rejoiced in his victories as jubilantly as Angora itself. It is stated authoritatively, that there is a treaty between them looking to their common control of the Straits, which, it scarcely need be said, would be a most unfortunate thing for the rest of Europe. People have been asking doubtfully what would be the attitude of France in this matter of the freedom of the Straits. It is most satisfactory to hear that she has given to Britain official assurances that she agrees that it must be maintained. Some minor concessions may be made to Turkey, but if on the major aspects of the Near East question there is a real concord of the Three Allies the situation can be met and saved. But it must be done at once.

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The Regent Theatre is the old Euston Music Hall transformed, an immense house situated near the three big railway stations, and in the midst of mean streets. The proprietors, it appears from the programme, are "The Variety Theatres Consolidated, Ltd.," the presenters of the play "The Directors of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith." From these nebulous bodies I can disengage only the author, the concrete Mr. Bennett, and the producer, the no less actual Mr. Nigel Playfair. Let me say at once that there is no moral obligation on these gentlemen to behave as altruists and nothing more; that to keep an eye on the main chance is a perfectly proper proceeding. Yet was it necessary, in the circumstances, to stare that chance quite so full in the face? One noticed round the doors of the new theatre, not the usual crowd of comfortably-circumstanced idlers, but a mob many hundreds strong, ragged, ill-conditioned, obviously drawn from the neighbouring slums. In the midst of all this wretchedness, in its own theatre, were now installed, not a struggling playwright and manager, striving to keep body and soul together, but one of the most successful of the world's novelists and one of the most famous of its producers of plays. I frankly refuse to believe that the choice of opening play was the result of any conscious flouting of responsibilities; I believe simply that their existence had not been grasped. Yet surely it should have been obvious that a mass of people whom no playwright had yet addressed, and a great writer, made up a conjunction out of the run of ordinary commercial enterprise. It is silly to talk of a "mission" in the theatre. Nobody hates that cant phrase more than I, yet I am persuaded that if Mr. Bennett had taken thought he would have explored his mind for something to worthier purpose than a repetition of his old gibe at pretty ladies. What's Lady Mab to the King's Cross railway-man? He sees her portrait in the papers, laughs, makes his blunt comment, and turns to the betting news. He will not, I am convinced, think it worth his while to visit the Regent Theatre to watch a display of folly in a cubist drawing-room.

If 'Body and Soul' had been presented at a West End theatre, I should stress the point that Lady Mab is not well done. She is not a fine creature bred out to inanity; she is not, in fact, bred at all. With a dress which enwraps the right half of her as though she were an Eskimo, leaving the left half as bare as a South Sea Islander, she is the Lady Mab of the little dress-maker's imaginings. Fielding, revelling over Lady Booby, left us in no doubt that she was a person of quality. Mr. Bennett's play is the literary counterpart of that gesture whereby the street-urchin shows his contempt for the quality. What good is this talk about Psychology to the corner-boys of the Euston Road? In the lexicon of those bright youths there's no such word; at best they will confuse it with the horse of that name which let them down so badly in this year's Derby. I cannot think that even that poor thing, the main chance, has been well served. The first-night audience was of a "brilliance" purely migratory; you would have said the St. James's. It applauded jokes which, at that theatre, would have been welcome. I doubt, however, whether the little Camden Town typist, whose endeavours to refine her speech result in such enormities as "tape-rater," is likely to be amused by her prototype on the stage. By

some extraordinary accident the pilgrimage to Hammersmith "caught on." (Let us not be gammoned by a plea as to the merit of 'The Beggar's Opera.' There's a queer element of luck in these matters. 'Diff'rent,' a magnificent play, magnificently acted, brought no crowds to Hampstead.) Either Mr. Playfair is relying upon a repetition of the miracle, or he must believe Mr. Bennett's fantasy to be suited to the former patrons of the Euston Music Hall. But plays which are to draw the Euston Road must, I submit, offer comment upon life as that road knows it, convey emotion which it can understand. There is one admirable character in the play, the Mayoress of Bursley, most beautifully played by Miss Dora Gregory. This is the humanity to which Mr. Bennett brings tenderness, humour and his sterling Midland grit; it is the one side of life which reveals him as the great artist. Nothing could be truer than the Mayoress's self-possessed "I've a duty to per-form, Ezra, and I shall per-form it. I shall keep my place, and I shall see as her ladyship keeps hers." This is true, even in the Euston Road. As soon as this writer touches smarter London, fineness and sensitiveness depart; his satirical writing hangs on him like the Sunday clothes of his Midland gawks. I sometimes think that Mr. Bennett despises the theatre; it is certainly the vehicle which he chooses for his least emotional work. And the theatre, whenever it detects this, will take its revenge and decline to take Mr. Bennett to its bosom. Emotion is that which a theatre-audience will have. Bad or false emotion is, in this medium, better than none. The melodramatic excesses of the Brothers Melville, Mr. Chevalier's 'My Old Dutch,' Miss Dell's 'The Way of an Eagle,' are better plays than 'Body and Soul.' I will even say that they are more artistic, since they stick more closely to that old dictum of Aristotle, that the artist shall consent to his medium. The audience at a popular theatre is part of the medium.

At the Regent Theatre we are invited to laugh at Lady Mab. The "brilliant" first-nighters made the allowances necessitated by her bringing up, but I am afraid future audiences will take her for inconsiderable trash and no more. Her talk of earning her own living is playwright's bunkum. She does not know how to make a cup of tea or scrub a floor, her only practicable walk in life is the shameful perambulation. If the play were the least little bit convincing, if it were not swaddled in spoof, spiritualism and quackery, I should declare it to be the very torch of mob-incendiarism. If the working-classes had only a few brains they would, after the performance, repair to Park Lane and pull the houses about their plutocratic owners' ears and noses. If they had more brains they would do this by Act of Parliament. If they had still more they would not pull down palaces but build up cottages. But inasmuch as they have no brains at all, they will just guffaw. Or rather, a few of them will make that delectable noise; the others will continue to find the betting news more interesting. I hope only that they will guffaw with and not at Miss Viola Tree, whose performance brought a lump into my throat. It was, oh! so utterly well-intentioned and hopeless, conscientious and helpless. Miss Tree is a dear, and it was naughty of Mr. Bennett to use her so. The part of the typist might with advantage be cut up in little bits and sent round the music-halls. Miss Nan Marriott Watson was very good as the 'cute little shop-girl, but does Mr. Bennett imagine that Bursley would, in the wildest clod-hoppings of its imagination, have mistaken the typist for the daughter of a marquis? Actors have hitherto considered Goldsmith's overshadowed Hastings as the worst part ever inflicted on a mime. Mr. Bennett's Aaron Draper is streets ahead of him in futility, and my heart went out to Mr. Martin Walker as he struggled with his long cadenza of inanition. To charm the eye there were pot-bank chimneys of delicate pink and gasometers of tender, ethereal blue. The ear was less pleased with the waltz themes from 'Der Rosenkavalier' made to sound like Waldteufel.

'Secrets,' at the Comedy Theatre, is one of the most fragrant little domestic symphonies I have seen. Chelsea and Hampstead may sneer at its simplicities; so much the worse for those recondite suburbs. Its theme is marriage, an institution which, in this country, is less preposterous than some foreign writers would have us suppose. For "marriage" our high-brows read "Strindberg," a diabolically clever dramatist and naughty child of Ibsen, a creature entirely abnormal, neither virile nor effeminate, the victim of no passion save that of insatiable vanity. Why we should look to this a-sexual little monster to enlighten us about marriages made in Porchester Terrace I really do not know. Better for the normal Englishman, tax-payer, golfer, and reader of *Punch*, that he seek simple wisdom from Mr. Rudolf Besier and Miss May Edginton, whose pretty story of Darby and Joan contains ninety per cent. of English truth. Joan, in this play, is not entirely a fool. She realizes that there is infidelity of the body and unfaithfulness of the spirit, and that the two things have nothing to do with each other. I am still uncertain as to whether Miss Fay Compton is an actress or not. If to be unable to assume any quality save innocence, yet with that innocence to stir emotions you had thought lost beyond recall, is to be a great actress, then this little lady takes high rank indeed. Mr. Leon Quartermaine's passion is, as always, incomparable. But it is Miss Helen Haye who, stepping out of the pages of the early Victorian novelists, in this play compels my extremest admiration.

SATURDAY WALKS

VII—SUSSEX GORSE

By GERALD BARRY

IN the early morning, when the smoke from Storrington kitchens was rising slow and sullen through the rain, I wound my way up to the top of the hills and set a course for Amberley. Presently the rain fell more heavily, and I went for refuge towards a battered hut crouched under the fringe of a small beech-clump. A dog ran out barking at my approach, and an old, crooked hag of a woman, all nose and straggling grey hair, thrust her sinister form round the doorway. She did not call her dog off; instead, a malicious grin creased her face and she croaked at me like a frog; and at her presence the wind howled louder through the torn roof of her barn, and the trees shook their drenched branches over me and turned their dark leaves inside out; so I made haste and tarried not. They told me at Amberley she was a gipsy, but that is a tale they tell to strangers; and I know that if you or I should come there after nightfall we might find her seated cobbler-wise on the floor within a drawn circle of chalk, mixing her potion—wood-doves' eyes and a crow's entrails and deadly nightshade and the milk of goats—while her dog sat beside her, howling through the rent gable at a scudding moon. Small wonder she had grinned! No powers of darkness could penetrate that magic circle drawn with the very stuff and substance of the great hills.

At Amberley, I abandoned the Downs to the wind and rain and entered an inn by the station. Seated there was an old countryman. "Not very seasonable weather," I said. (You must not blame me for my choice of subject, for it was of all topics the one most calculated to draw him.) In reply he slowly shook his head, and after a great while his voice spoke. It was like watching a distant ship from the shore, when you see a cloud of steam rising from before its funnel, and after the cloud has died away the sound of a siren reaches your ears. So this fellow's thought travelled faster than his speech. "Yers," he said. Undismayed, I tried again. "Not particularly seasonable, I thought." Not for him the snares of controversy and argument. "Nao," he said, simply.

We got on better after that. The rain, he confided, was terr'ble. There'd been no sun for a dunnamany

days. Why, hay was only middlin' good, so 'twas, but grain (this required a steady gulp from his tankard) grain . . . Mebbe I knew Jim Harkins? No? Well, Jim Harkins had a field o' oots and middle'r June they oots were finest bit o' oots he'd everr seen. Ah, they oots were in good heart and no mistake. But now—I oughter see 'em oots now. "They be all knocked down and no good, so they be. Oh, yers." I was sorry about the oats and told him so; perhaps, I said, a pint of ale would help. And so we pledged our friendship and drank to better harvests, and I passed on my way into the village.

Through the snug churchyard I went and into the Bishop's Palace, the gaunt, grey walls of which reared up and mingled with the grey, gaunt sky. In their angles and crevices an occasional scabious or yellow poppy flaunted an impudent flash of colour, and its presence on this grim day was an intrusion. From wall to wall and bare to the sky stretched a green carpet of grass, so that one trod its rich pile with noiseless feet, like the ghosts of dead dignitaries who fill its hollow rood by moonlight, and wind in shadowy procession under its slim archway. Yet to judge from the thickness of the walls and the scanty use of windows, these past episcoparies had little time for ritual; and I think that more often than the shafts of sunlight streamed through those narrow apertures, falling upon men bowed in prayer, the shafts of the Church Militant sped outwards from humming bows, to fall on the bowed heads of a beleaguering foe.

There is a walk across marshland to reach the ferry over Arun, and most of it now was flooded. I could see, too, by the faint curling and creeping of water round my feet that the tide was running in. There was nothing for it but to paddle or make a detour of several miles. Off came shoes and socks, up went trousers, and through eight inches of water covering mud and grass I slithered my way to what ought to have been the river bank. There was Charon's black hulk and lonely oar, but between it and his safe abode a swollen torrent raged. I filled my lungs and shouted. Charon shouted back. "Can't get . . . boat" came on the wind. A man's repartee is seldom at its most effective when he is standing in a steady downpour, with shoes slung round neck and water well over ankles, and a hundred yards of swirling tide and a high contrary wind between him and the butt of his wit. But I managed to convey to Charon across the waters my opinion that what a mere landlubber could do, he, a waterman, might even accomplish; whereupon he plunged booted into Lethe, untethered his barque and ferried me across. At the sight of silver he brightened, and recommended the 'Dog and Duck' for lunch. "More duck than dog this weather too, s'r," he grinned, and ran squelching off to change his boots.

Steep up Westburton hill I climbed refreshed, skirting the woods that here hang on the hillside and out over the spur of Bignor, till I set foot on the sunken way of Stane Street, that loops like a ribbon over the hills from Chichester, and runs northward straight as the flight of an arrow by way of Pulborough—wrapt in rain—and Leith Hill and Dorking to London. My feet marched lonely up the steep road that rang long ago to the tramp of dusty legions, and left it at the summit of the hill, where it pointed to the faint spire of Chichester Cathedral, and beyond it, as I knew, the sea. Around me as I moved forward lay the scattered debris of recent forestry, curled chips, low stumps, and dank discarded branches. Beyond, Halnaker's gaunt mill stood limless on the hilltop. "Hannaker's down and England's done," sang Belloc, when the sweeps first fell from Halnaker Mill. But he reckoned without the tall trees and strong limbs of Sussex, that gave of their strength and of their beauty. And the "Spirits that called on a falling nation" called not in vain: the trees fell and the limbs lie broken, but England stands yet.

Correspondence

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT HULL

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

PLEASANT weather and a hospitable town, a crowd of brainy people and plenty to see as well as hear—the meeting would have been a great success even if there had not been an abundant feast of reason and a generous flow of soul. So far as these were concerned, one felt the embarrassment of riches, and perhaps it was a providence that some of the sections were so far apart that one could not attend more than two or three in a forenoon. The habit of sampling seems to be growing. But while it may indicate a broadening of scientific interests, it leads, more materially, to a ceaseless opening and shutting of doors which must be troublesome to the lecturers.

Although those who were present did not hear the announcement of any great discovery at the meeting, there was undoubtedly a high intellectual barometer. Every section seemed to be dealing with big things, and one felt more than ever that science was a very serious and responsible business. There was a relative rarity of papers on small points; every section seemed to get down to fundamentals. This is all to the good, but I hope it will not develop too far. For it must be remembered that discussions of fundamentals tend to be left in the hands of leaders; and that it means much to an investigator in a small way to have even a few minutes to tell an appreciative audience what he has found out.

Another feature of the Hull meeting was the prominence given to the problems of fisheries and of the sea in general. That this is educationally sound is obvious, and one could but feel the artistic appropriateness of the fishy atmosphere of the Zoology Section and of the weather-beaten faces of scientists who go down to the sea in ships. Science is for life, not life for science, and it was an object-lesson to see so much space given to subjects relevant to the place of meeting. Thus there were discussions of the fauna of the sea-bottom, the interchange of organisms between the Atlantic and the North Sea, the fluctuations of the herring, the evolution and development of fisheries, and more besides. Dr. Allen's presidential address to the Zoology Section was an impressive sketch of the evolution of life in the sea. He took his audience with him on an arduous climb from the dawn of life to the emergence of the human fisherman, and from the heights we got a great view. It took him a long while to get the organism a-going—*le premier pas qui coûte*—from the synthesis of simple carbon-compounds from carbon-dioxide and water under the influence of the sun's rays and some inorganic catalyst; but once the creature got under way, it evolved at a great rate—in fact the accelerating velocity made us breathless. But the story was extraordinarily convincing, and many must have received an impression of the continuity of life more vivid than they ever had before.

The address was interesting in another way, in showing that the practical problems of fisheries cannot be successfully tackled along parochial lines. Every piece of honest investigation counts, but the sea must be studied as a whole. The microscopic *minutiae*, such as Bacteria, Diatoms, and Peridinids, are of much more importance than whales. The physicists played up bravely to the biologists in their display of local colour, for they talked of tides, the geological history of the North Sea basin, erosion and land reclamation on the East Coast; and even the discussion of monsoons was relevant to a great seaport.

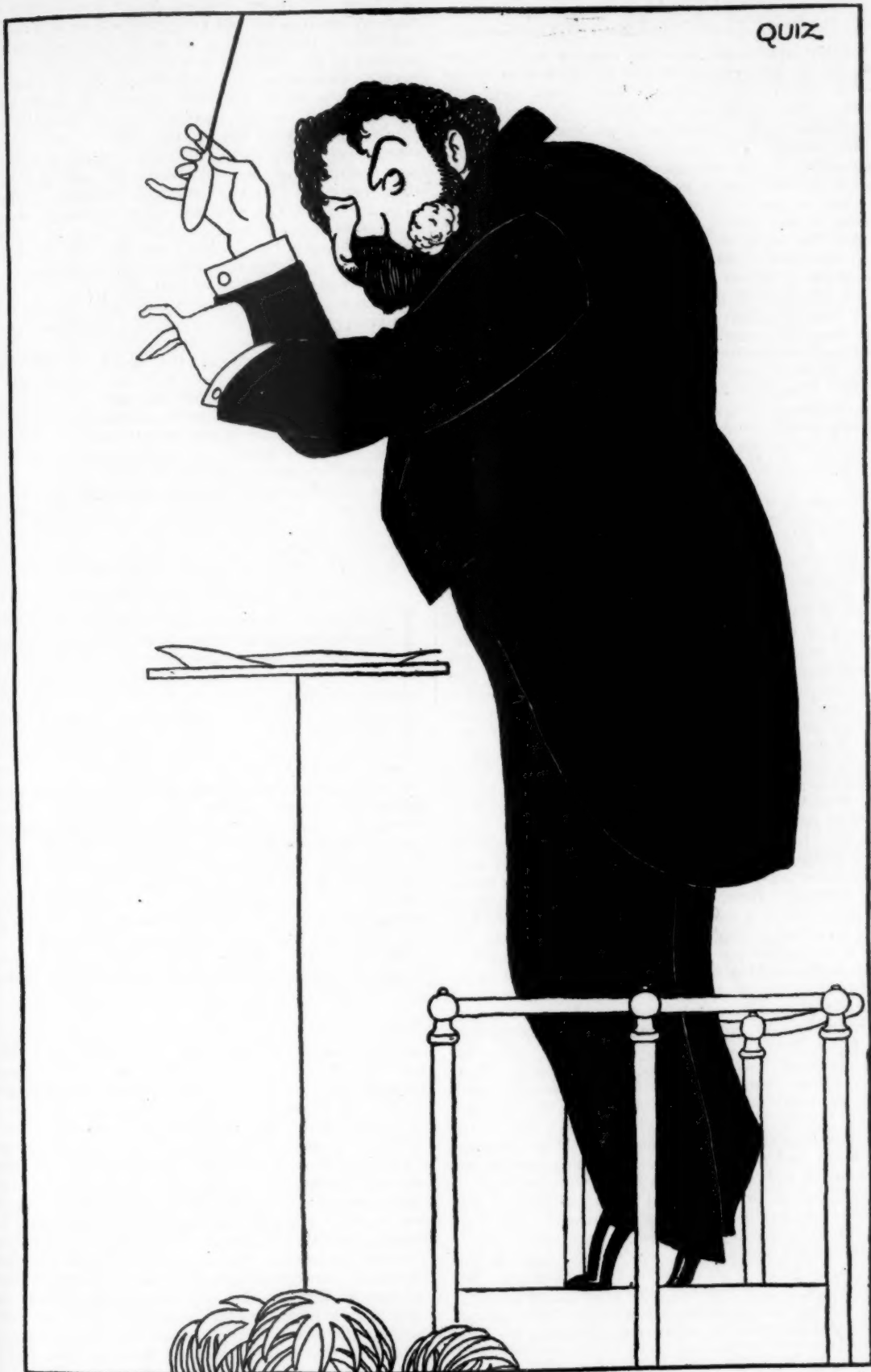
It seemed to me that the practical note was louder than usual, as if there were a growing persuasion that science has a contribution to make to humanity broader, deeper, and higher than men have hitherto

believed. Miss Newbigin's remarkable presidential address to the Geographical Section proved once more, with fresh arguments, that geography is the other eye of history; but it went on to show that if the study of geographical factors in the past can make history a science and not a mere chronicle, so a well-informed and sympathetic understanding of the geographical factors operative to-day, in themselves or in their racial results, may begin to make international diplomacy into a scientific policy. The practical note was also sounded in discussions or papers on the teaching of mathematics and natural science, on psycho-analysis in school, on improved methods in the fixation of nitrogen, on pine-weevils, railway bridges, concrete, railways problems, oil ships and colour-blindness, and, best of all, on the possibility of increasing the food supply of the nation.

But along with this practicality there was plenty of the old search after light for its own sake, and of this there could be no better example than the papers and discussion on the most important process in the world—the photo-synthesis that goes on in green leaves. For it is on the leaf's power of utilizing the red, orange and yellow rays of the spectrum that the upbuilding of carbon-compounds from air, water, and salts depends; and it is this photo-synthesis that makes the adventurous life of animals possible. Noteworthy also, though in a different way, was the speculative paper on Life and Energy by Dr. F. C. Eve, who seeks, like Herbert Spencer before him, to find some general formula which will bring the activities of organisms into line with the cosmic laws of the transformation of energy. How do living creatures stand in regard to the general tendency that energy has to sink into unavailable form? Do they accelerate the running-down of the clock or do they make it wind itself up again?

I wish I could say something briefly about the discussion on the present position of Darwinism, but it is too big a subject. All that I can urge is this: that evolutionism is suffering from lack of synthesis (dare one say photo-synthesis?). There are Darwinians, Mutationists, Mendelians, Neo-Lamarckians, and more besides, and there are illuminating ideas in them all. But everyone is too much for his own hand, and even the experimentation suffers for lack of eclecticism, sometimes for lack of knowledge of what is being done in other fields.

Undoubtedly the crown of the meeting was the Presidential Address by Sir Charles Sherrington. It gave the pitch to all that followed in its brilliant exhibition of the scientific temper at its best. The three dominant notes were the mechanism of the body, the interlinkage of body and mind, and the unity of the organism. Much that happens in the living body is the outcome of pre-established automatic organization, beyond the reach of consciousness, and it pleased the President to call these vital arrangements "mechanisms"—only to follow this up, however, by showing that they were such ultra-mechanical mechanisms that we must call them organisms. Mind is real and body is real, and they are bound together in mutual influence. A mental event cannot be accounted for by neural processes, nor vice versa. The nexus is indubitable, but it remains an almost complete enigma. What we are sure of, though we do not understand it, is the fundamental unity of the organism; the "part-aspects" and the "part-mechanisms," into which we separate it for purposes of analysis, are artificial, and they must be corrected by a strenuous endeavour to see the living creature whole, body and mind in one. But this is still only an ambition, for of what the *esprit de corps* really is we do not get more than glimpses. What an illumination, in view of recent extremes, there was in the President's vivid phrase that man is building up a social organism outside himself, because he is so pre-eminently "a mind actuated by instincts but instrumented with reason"!



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. No. 12

SIR HENRY WOOD

THE TURF

Doncaster, September 12.

SOME stud work kept me away from the racecourse last week and I was not present at Derby or Manchester to witness some rather surprising results. They can be taken, I think, as a timely warning of what is likely to happen from now until the end of the season. The changeable weather is probably responsible for the disappointing displays of much-fancied animals, and a paddock inspection prior to a race will in future be of more importance than a reference to past form. I have visited several racing stables this week and the same story is told there. Many well-bred horses have never seen the racecourse on account of minor ailments which are easily picked up but very difficult to throw off. Other animals more lucky have lost their condition for no apparent reason after showing promising form and have gone backwards rather than forwards since their recovery.

On the first day at Derby the chief race was the valuable Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes, and Torna-veen (Lemberg—Mossdale) was most unlucky to lose it. Starting slowly, he got shut off close home when looking certain to catch and beat the winner, Miltiades (Hapsburg—Dodrach) to whom he was conceding 12 lbs.

Miltiades had been well tried with Pretty Dick, who won later in the week at Windsor, so the form will probably prove that Mr. Barclay Walker's colt has left his early form a long way behind and will be a worthy opponent of the best of the youngsters when they meet. On the second day, in the Breeders' St. Leger, it would seem that Silurian was lucky at the expense of both Lady Juror and Soubriquet. Soubriquet was, I understand, waited with, and had not time to make up her ground in the short run in. The slow time of the race suggests that other tactics might well have been more successful. Another result that time will prove to be all wrong was that of the Devonshire Nursery won by Rowardennan. Both Courier and Galante colt were put out of the race by the swerving Crossjack. The last day witnessed the success of some terrible outsiders, and the victory of White Ant in the chief race of the day was on a par with the other results. In her previous race, a short time before, when ridden by a boy named Wright, she had been comfortably beaten by Murray, who is not much better than a plater. Here, with little Smirke in the saddle, she pulverized a good-class field in exceptionally fast time, which suggests further successes. Mares at this time of year often put up wonderful performances.

Favourites at Manchester did much better, but in the chief race of the day the hitherto unlucky Silver Grass (Phalaris—Silver Spray) accounted for several better-fancied animals. Second to her, in receipt of 12 lbs., was Count Tracy (Tracery—Countess Zia), who cost Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen 8,000 guineas at the last Doncaster sales. Although he is likely to improve with time, he must be reckoned an expensive yearling! Double Hackle, in spite of having the bad luck of the race, had little difficulty in winning the Prince Edward Handicap, and the policy of not running him in the Cesarewitch will certainly be in his favour next year.

The Sales at Doncaster will be full of interest and breeders are anxiously waiting the results. If there happens to be a slump in the prices here, where buyers are offered the cream of last year's foals, then the outlook for the future must of necessity be a bad one. The following figures of previous sales prior to, and during, the war may be of interest, but in making comparisons the present depreciation of the sovereign must be borne in mind:

Year.	Sold.	Gns.	Avge.	Year.	Sold.	Gns.	Avge.
1912	304	150,070	493½	1917	269	105,751	393.
1913	321	221,458	690	1918	287	140,830	522
1914	220	54,816	249	1919	230	223,425	971
1915	260	51,178	196	1920	271	274,595	1,013
1916	280	88,074	314	1921	265	172,090	649

I think the rather inflated prices (considering the markets open) of the last two years will show a further reduction. Irish breeders cannot be in a strong enough position to put high reserves on their stock and could hardly contemplate with equanimity the necessity of their return to the troublous country of their birth. Again, the increasing accumulation of bloodstock in England will incite our breeders also to sell without reserve—or so one would imagine. Last year seventy-seven lots were passed out unsold, not having fetched their reserve. The highest-priced yearling, Teresina (Tracery—Blue Tit) went for 7,700 guineas. If anything approaches this figure, it is likely to be a grand looking filly by The Tetrarch out of Lady Josephine, who bears a strong resemblance to her sire both as to shape and markings. In 1921 fifty-four lots realized over 1,000 guineas, and it was noticeable how the fillies generally excelled the colts in quality. It will be interesting to see if it is the same this year.

I have just heard of the death of old John Osborne, whom I had seen hale and hearty only so lately as at the York August Meeting. He stood for a type of jockey and sportsman combined, unspoilt by the luxuries and rush of our modern life. A respected figure, especially among the great sporting public of Yorkshire, his death will cast a gloom over the large attendance of racing enthusiasts assembled here.

"L. G."

A Woman's Causerie

THE VALUE OF CRAZES

IN less than ten minutes Mick had learnt to bicycle. He rode up and down the garden paths until at last, tired out, he came to sit down. "So this is your last craze," said nurse. We all laughed. The remnants of the craze before, an American bar, consisting of a syphon, ten bottles of coloured water, and a flower-pot filled with melting ice, were scattered around us. Two lanterns hung from a tree and a musical-box was winding out tunes with the help of the ex-waiter who, being too young to enjoy the new craze, was tearfully regretting the last. "Do clear away these bottles," I begged, "you are old enough now to tidy up your own crazes yourself." "In a minute, mummy. How I wish when I get tired of things that I didn't hate them; I can't bear to look at those bottles and that untidy table." Nurse looked up, "I wonder how many crazes you have had in your short life." Here baby piped in, "He liked his long Latin prayers and . . ." "Shut up, that wasn't a craze. But I loved loving Egyptian things; why, even now, when I think of them I feel I must get back to loving them again."

Let us, who have a vivid enough interest in life to care very much, and yet pass on to caring very much for something else, let us think of our childhood. Looking back, is not this what any of us might have said? If the time of crazes has passed—there is no reason, however, why it should pass—let us try to remember the delight and astonishment that every new craze brought with it; a new world that opened before us, new books, old books that were dragged from shelves to browse in for details of the place that was for us then the only place on earth. And what enchanting toil doing, making or looking after whatever was for that moment the Great Interest of life! Mothers should try to sympathize with their children in their ephemeral affections, for it is often through these that they gain a little general knowledge, and as, unfortunately, this vivid interest sometimes dies down, it is as well to encourage it while it lasts. That a child who has violent likings is an expensive worry I cannot deny, but he is at least interested in something wider than his surroundings, and there is no difficulty through all the changes in discovering where his real talent lies, for that is not likely to suffer from minor rivals.

Slowly, with the growth of a child, we can watch the development of his likes. (I will not say his dislikes as well, as he, like all busy people, finds little time to bother about things that are disagreeable to him.) The child who is always starting new ideas and feverishly solving problems of machinery and fireworks, who learns the different parts of a ship, the names of the bones of a horse, who studies archæology and the stars, is always popular with other children. He is, for them, a fund of information and excitement, and with every new liking of his a ripple starts that affects most of his friends and the friends of their friends as well. In a small town, or in a school, we can easily see what an influence an imaginative child has over those who come in contact with him, and we should not deplore his too insistent love of change for it is a manifestation of vital curiosity that does not, as a rule, put a stop to the possibility of deciding on a definite career.

* * *

Until the love of the Polar regions clutches him, they seem very far away, desolate beyond words, and geography north of 70 deg. only a barren string of names. But when a spark of Franklin's spirit, or of Barentz's, is breathed into him, how different all appears. There is no book about the two Poles, however crude, that fails to charm him; every hummock described is important, and in every cache he finds the food that saves him from starvation. Boys and girls who do not know 'The Voyage of the Jeannette,' 'The Account of the Greely Expedition,' 'The Polar World,' 'Barentz's Relics,' Parry's 'North-West Passage,' 'Franklin's Voyages,' and McIntock's account of 'The Fate of Franklin,' also Markham's and McCormick's books, had better lay up for holiday reading the whole of this list. I write only of a few of the older books, but if these do not start them reading every book of voyages, old and new, it is only because the reader is not a born adventurer.

* * *

What small beginnings give birth to a child's most violent loves! A sentence in a book, a word overheard, and off he goes like a hound on the trail unheeding all else but that for which he is searching. When parents can throw themselves into the desires of their children and can, also, afford to follow up any sudden historical interest, they can have untold pleasure walking with them on the path of a Crusader, or hunting in out-of-the-way places for the traces of men long dead. It becomes indeed a kind of pilgrimage in search of something beyond the obvious seeking. Not everyone can, of course, spend months in looking for early Christian remains, but there are many boys and girls who would gladly give up tiresome holiday amusements to spend their days looking for these. And this, though it may start as a craze from a word in a dull book of history—if history can ever be dull—will most certainly awaken curiosity in earlier Roman days. Rome and its history! To what may that not guide us? If all roads lead to Rome, it is from Rome that all roads start, and though in his 'Outlines of History'—a book that points the way to a thousand passions—Mr. Wells shows he has been spared this one, it has meant much that is good in our civilization. I have space, however, only to hint at adventures that could make Latin poets more nearly our friends. It is easy to bicycle—a delightfully hermit-like method of getting about—from Tivoli to Horace's Sabine farm, and also to the place where Cynthia's villa stood. Propertius, Horace, Catullus. . . . But I must not go on. When a child's last craze, or our own, has brought us to the olive groves of Tivoli,

Candida qua geminas ostendunt culmina turris
Et cadit in patulos nympha Aniena lacus.

how near we are to Greece! It is not possible, there, to doubt that by stepping stones of crazes we may encircle the earth.

Yoi

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters which are of reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

H.M.S. LION

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I am thankful to find there is one British journal left that will not tolerate the deliberate destruction of one of the nation's proudest possessions without raising a voice in protest. Need I say that I refer to the proposed scrapping of H.M.S. Lion? I know that among my own friends and acquaintances here there is a very strong feeling of revolt against the suggestion, and I do not doubt that the rest of the country equally resents it, if only it could be prevailed upon to awake from its lethargic silence and make its voice heard.

To preserve the ship in Plymouth Sound—as you suggest—just as the *Victory* is preserved in Portsmouth Harbour, would not only satisfy the sentiment of many thousands of people, but would serve a still more useful purpose in acting as an inspiration to the youth of the nation. What service has not the old *Victory* done in this way since her more active fighting days were over? I dare to say, Sir, that the *Victory* was present in a very real sense at Jutland, at the Dogger Bank, and other of our great naval engagements of the late war. Such spurs to pride and endeavour have untold influence.

It is true, too, as I think one of your correspondents pointed out, that in these days of mediocrity in English sculptural art, the *Lion* would form an admirable monument to those who lost their lives in upholding the honour and traditions of the Royal Navy.

Will not the Navy League act?

I am, etc.,
"R. N." (Retired)

Devonport

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I was delighted to read your Note of the Week, and Mr. FitzGerald Fenton's subsequent letter, deprecating the breaking up of the *Lion*. It is part and parcel of our Government's inanity and lack of understanding of the wishes of those whom it is supposed to represent, that it should propose to hand over, probably to our late enemy, a ship which as much as any other (whether her record excels that of her sisters—a claim with which one of your correspondents disagrees—seems to me relatively unimportant) maintained the glorious traditions of the British Navy against a particularly odious system of attack. I congratulate you on the stand you have made for legitimate national pride and tradition.

I am, etc.,
NICHOLAS RICHARDSON

Hull

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I, as an American visitor to your country, express my astonishment that your plea for the reprieve of H.M.S. *Lion* should ever have been necessary? On the other side, if we had a ship with a record and a renown equal to that of Admiral Beatty's late flagship, we should consider it a national disgrace to send it to the scrapheap. It is difficult for us to understand how the British Government can contemplate despatching the *Lion* in this way, apparently without a tremor of emotion and—except for your timely intervention—without the slightest objection on the part of your people. I reckon we should be proud of the *Lion* in America if she belonged to us—but she doesn't!

I am, etc.,
JOHN P. HENNETT

Savoy Hotel, London

SETTLE WITH TURKEY!

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—There is a real danger that British statesmanship as represented by Mr. Lloyd George, and the public opinion supposed to guide it, may repeat in regard to Turkey the gross errors of 1919-1921. Few of the minority of journalists acquainted with Oriental affairs can have perused without anxiety the comments of our daily Press, during the past week, on the wretched conclusion to which Mr. Lloyd George's policy has led. From far too many quarters one hears incitements to the repetition of such follies as assuming the Turks to be genuinely divided; as assuming the Allies to be capable of prolonged co-operation where their interests and obligations are uneven; as relying on Greece as an agent in Europe now if no longer also in Asia Minor; as supposing that the Turk, exasperated by denial of his rights and

relegated to Angora, will be more responsive to European moral and economic pressure than the Turk reasonably treated and kept in touch with Europe at Constantinople; and as thinking that the Turk can be rendered desirous of European approval by demonstrations that it will never in any circumstances be extended to him.

It is self-deception to stress distinctions between Nationalist and other Turks. On the morrow of the final Turkish victories over the Greeks, the Nationalists in Constantinople were reported to be seeking a withdrawal of the *Fetwa* of three years ago, whereby Nationalism was condemned on religious-legal grounds. It matters very little whether this effort succeeds or not, for the *Fetwa* obtained by Damad Ferid Pasha from the Sheikh ul-Islam was the last despairing effort of that Grand Vizier to cope with Nationalism, and made him so ridiculous in the eyes of most Turks that he was driven to resignation. It has not had the smallest effect on Turkish opinion. Damad Ferid Pasha's successors, and the Ministers generally since early in 1921, have all been more or less Nationalist, and except for the scholar, Riza Tewfik Bey, an intellectual detached from practical politics, there has not been a single man of note found who was not openly, or under slight disguise, working for the Nationalists. Recent victories can only have consolidated the Nationalist position. To thwart the legitimate claims of Turkey must mean increasing the popularity and authority of the extremist Nationalists.

As for British association with Greece, the only attitude that to-day becomes an Englishman, aware of the facts, is one of regret that the Greeks were ever landed at Smyrna under British auspices. There can be, in the record of our Near and Middle Eastern policy, few acts more disingenuous than those leading up to the Greek occupation of Smyrna under our naval guns. The policy of using Greece, who was only too anxious to be used, was recommended, it may be supposed, to Mr. Lloyd George's mind by the consideration that, British opinion being increasingly hostile to costly Adriatic adventures to enforce extreme terms on Turkey, Great Britain's job could be done by Greece, a Power too dependent on British naval aid to develop beyond his control. Apparently he refrained from considering very closely the adequacy of the instrument for much the same reason that M. Venizelos refrained from enquiring too closely into the character and extent of the aid Great Britain could promise: each hoped that the other, once thoroughly committed, would be obliged by self-interest and *amour propre* to afford more than he could be expected definitely to promise in advance. The execution of this vague and vicious compact was precipitated by the action of Italy, and a thoroughly improper appeal having been made to the clause in the Armistice with Turkey entitling the Allies to occupy strategic points in the event of Turkish infraction of the Armistice, the Greeks were put ashore at Smyrna merely to anticipate the Italians—put ashore with only an eleventh-hour intimation to the disarmed local Turks that the "Allies" here meant, in fact, the Greeks, without measures to prevent the inevitable "disorders," without even a proper limitation of the area to be occupied. That wicked blunder provoked the military development of Turkish Nationalism, and a frank acknowledgment of offence and oversight is a condition of recovering Turkish faith in British policy. The slightest further backing of Greece, even elsewhere, can only arouse suspicions fatal to a proper settlement.

The occupation of Smyrna and the events that followed obliged the Turkish Nationalists to manœuvre with a view to detaching France and to securing the friendship or friendly neutrality of the Bolsheviks. The unanimity that the Allies could not achieve in 1919-20 is still less to be achieved now, except by a policy far more straightforward and less stimulative of Turkish resistance. As for the Turkish Nationalist relations with the Bolsheviks, they can be altered only by allowing Turkey's centre of political gravity to shift westward, and by removing the menaces under which she was driven into that unnatural friendship. If we make Turkey an outcast, we can only expect her to choose the other outcast of Europe on her frontier for friend.

And, lastly, if British journalists and public men persist, maliciously or ignorantly, in describing the Turk as a creature never to be reconciled with Western civilization, even as represented in the sweetness and light of the Balkans and the commercial probity of the Levant, if they continue to dwell on Turkish atrocities, as though none were ever committed by other races of the Near and Middle East, they will only create among Turks a despair of securing British goodwill which must pass into willingness to forfeit it.

I am, etc.,

London, W.2

T. EARLE WELBY

IS GREAT BRITAIN GUILTY?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Dean Inge needs no one to defend him, but the point dealt with by your correspondent, under the above rubric, in your issue of last week, is of general interest. The case made out by Mrs. Charlotte Mansfield with the aid of extracts from published documents, so far from disproving, furnishes ample evidence of the correctness of the Dean's conclusion that the British Government misled the Germans. The bare facts enumerated prove conclusively that the Government must have been fully aware of the intention of the Central Powers. That being so, Mr. Asquith and his colleagues were face to face with the question of intervention or non-intervention in case of war,

This question presented itself under three aspects: Intervention: (1) with the avowed object of helping France for her own sake; (2) in the interests of our own safety; (3) for the purpose of honouring our signature to the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium.

The report of the German Ambassador in London to Berlin on July 29, 1914, to the effect that Sir Edward Grey had told him that if France "were dragged into it" the British Government would "act quickly," might mean anything, but if it was intended to mean active intervention it is not borne out by M. Paul Cambon's published account of his negotiations with Sir Edward Grey up to the last moment, and still less by Mr. Lloyd George's categorical declaration at Queen's Hall that but for the violation of Belgian neutrality, this country "would never have entered the seething caldron of war." This controversial point need not be pursued here further than to say that if the Government had decided to go to the assistance of France if she were attacked, it was their bounden duty to make public that decision at the earliest possible moment so that Germany should be in no doubt as to what the action of this country would be in that eventuality. What actually happened proves that no such decision had been taken. M. Poincaré's autograph letter to the King informing him of M. Jules Cambon's notification to the French Government that the only thing the Kaiser feared was the intervention of England proved to be *telum imbelles sine ictu*. No announcement of policy was made on the strength of it. So that, up to then, neither the desire to help France for her own sake, nor regard for our own safety, had led the Government to a decision. It was only at the last moment, when too late to prevent the catastrophe, that the question of Belgium was put forward as a *casus belli*.

And this it is which proves up to the hilt the case against the Government that it did not do in time the one and only thing that could and might have saved the situation. If we were bound in honour to respect our signature to the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium, that obligation was binding all the time, and there is no saying what effect a public announcement of the recognition of that fact, opportunely made, would not have had on the bellicose policy of the Kaiser.

At any rate, the best that could have been done was not done. There lies the guilt of the Government. It is already historical, and nothing can save Mr. Asquith and his colleagues from the condemnation of posterity.

I am, etc.,

D. N. SAMSON

131, Queen's Road, Finsbury Park, N.4

P.S.—Anyone who has any respect for Lord Grey will carefully abstain from all reference to his puerile efforts to bring about a European conference at a time when the only thing that could have been of any avail was a clean and distinct declaration of a firm policy to be followed by this country if war broke out. There was the choice of any one of the three aspects under which the question of intervention presented itself, to suit the exigencies of the political considerations which were undoubtedly responsible for the indecision of the Government and, to that extent, were contributory to the results which we all know and deplore.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mrs. Charlotte Mansfield's quotations are singularly irrelevant to the point at issue. Germany's guilt consisted in the fact that she was willing to risk war rather than lose prestige over Serbia. No intelligent person in Germany or out of it has denied this share of war-guilt. But every belligerent has to admit a similar kind of guilt. None was willing to sacrifice its imperialistic claims for the sake of peace.

Russia and France have a deeper responsibility according to recent evidence. Russian militarists in great positions were actually seeking war before the murder of the Archduke, and France, with Britain, had promised to stand by Russia. I do not believe Britain wanted war, but our commitments to France and Russia made war almost inevitable. Every nation taking part had its share of war-guilt.

I am, etc.,

RICHARD LEE

Ross St., Church, Glasgow

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I have read with great interest Charlotte Mansfield's letter in reply to Dean Inge's accusations, and think our gratitude is due to this lady for showing us the true German character.

I do not know German, and therefore the two lines in the final paragraphs I do not understand. I feel sure many other readers will experience the same difficulty, and I want to ask you kindly to give a translation.

I am, etc.,

C. J. FISHWICK

St. Stephen's House, Westminster

[A free translation of the German quotation cited by our correspondent last week is: "Dirty scoundrel! England alone bears the responsibility for war and peace, not we any more!" The unusual order of the last three words in the original—*nicht wir mehr*—will be noted: it was probably intentional, to give them extra emphasis.—ED. S.R.]

MR. WELLS AND ROGER BACON

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In a recent interview Mr. H. G. Wells put Roger Bacon among the six greatest men of all time regarded from his own point of view; the other five being Jesus of Nazareth, Buddha, Asoka, Aristotle and—Abraham Lincoln. As a life-long student of Bacon I am glad to see this recognition of his eminence, and hope that it will assist in getting his works—still unpublished after seven hundred years—into type. If only every great library in the English-speaking world would send an order to Oxford for a single copy of his works the thing would be done.

But highly though I rate the genius of Roger Bacon, I cannot but think that his influence on the human mind has actually been less than that of Copernicus or Darwin. When Copernicus demonstrated that the earth was not the centre of the universe, he destroyed the basic idea of popular religion—the importance of the earth and of man as lord of the earth in the scheme of things. The effect of this demonstration is not yet exhausted, while that of Darwin's generalization is still increasing.

I am, etc.,

Savage Club, W.C.

ROBERT STEELE

THE TRUTH ABOUT IRELAND

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—With the exception of two notable journals, the British public are being purposely kept in the dark as to the real state of chaos which exists in Ireland. But what is the truth? No Courts of Law are functioning and there are no police of any kind in the rural districts of the South and West. No rents are being paid at all, the excuse given being that owing to the chaos generally and the damage done to railways, farmers can sell neither their crops nor cattle. And yet the unfortunate landowners are being pitilessly bombarded by the Inland Revenue to pay income-tax and super-tax on what they are not receiving, while it is impossible to take proceedings to recover rents, because there are no courts to sue in, and no police to enforce their decrees. Again: Who is going to pay for the many millions of wilful destruction now going on? If the British Government do not lend the money, it must fall on the landowners; in other words, the unfortunate landowners will be forced by the Free State Government to pay for the wilful destruction of their own homes. Could any Government in history ever have fallen so low as this present Coalition Government, which, while pretending to govern an Empire, can thus leave a country like Ireland, sixty-four miles from its shores, in this pandemonium of chaos? Again: Who are the men of the so-called Provisional Government? What record have they got of ability to govern—and moreover to govern in a country where the ablest of our statesmen have been compelled to own they have failed? What experience have these men? None whatever. Composed for the most part of "corner boys" and youths ranging from 17 to 22 or so, how can any sane man expect these ignorant youths not only to govern, but to work out a Constitution for Ireland, where our ablest statesmen have failed? Well, you sir, I think, hit the nail fairly well on the head when, in a recent issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW you advocated keeping the Ports of Ireland intact and leaving the country then to its fate. But what I wish to point out is this, viz., before this desperate remedy is applied, the Imperial Parliament must in honour complete the Land Purchase Acts, for which they, and they alone, are responsible, and buy out those unfortunate landowners who, through no fault of their own are left like rats in a trap, unable to recover any just debts owing to the state into which the Imperial Parliament have brought the country; and unable to sell an acre of their lands either, owing again to dilatoriness in completing their own schemes of Land Purchase.

I am, etc.,

DUDLEY S. A. COSBY

Thun, Switzerland

THE MURDER HABIT IN IRELAND

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I do not often read the *Daily News*, and I am therefore grateful to you for calling attention to some surprising misstatements made by General Mulcahy to a correspondent of that paper. Nothing false or more impudent could be imagined than the assertion that "the British anarchy in this country has almost put the idea of law out of our minds," and it could only have been made by a man who has a profound contempt for the intelligence of the British public.

From the dawn of her history blood-shedding has been endemic in Ireland, and the fact that there the Roman Catholic Church, which elsewhere has had such a wonderful restraining influence on the passions of mankind, has been unable to prevent the perpetual round of slaughter shows how ingrained is the passion for carnage. To-day, indeed, it is doubtful how far the Roman priesthood in Ireland really attempts to prevent political murder, if we may judge by the fact that Sir Henry Wilson's assassins went to their doom perfectly happy and entirely unrepentant. Recognizing this, how can we honestly profess astonishment at the killing of Michael Collins? For years he had devoted his time and energy to perfecting the murder machine—the machine by which he finally brought the Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor to their knees—and it would certainly have been surprising if this machine had ceased to function merely

because Mr. Collins came to think that he could secure Irish independence—which was always his avowed object—by means less strenuous than bullets and bombs.

One of the most surprising things about the Irish Revolution is the indifference shown by the Anglican clergy to the sufferings of their fellow-churchmen in Southern Ireland. Armenians and Greeks get plenty of sympathy, but people of our own blood and belonging to the same church as ourselves—people whose only crime is loyalty—may, apparently, be robbed and murdered without any serious protest from the Anglican community as such. Possibly the explanation is that Irish churchmanship is rarely of the Sacerdotal school and that it is the Sacerdotalists who to-day direct the policy of the Church of England. Now the Sacerdotalists desire above all things the recognition of Anglican orders by the Churches of the East, and they therefore feel that sympathy with Greeks and Armenians is a business proposition.

I am, etc.,

C. F. RYDER

Thurlow, Suffolk

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The details of the life of Christ were not anticipated in the religious cults of Adonis, Osiris, Attis and Mithras. These the general reader has access to sufficiently in the 'Dictionary of Classical Antiquities,' of Seyffert, Nettleship, and Sandys. London: Swan Sonnenschein. Christian theology, being true, has inevitably caused conflict since "the days of His Flesh." In essentials, Christian theology, as stated in the Creed and Bible, has remained the same, but all truth is continually being further revealed. In their lives of pre-Christian gods, poets express the darling anticipations of man's heart, yearning after the expected birth of some deliverer, who might redress the miseries afflicting every station, age, and country. Christ's coming gave reality to that golden dream, which lived in poetry and philosophy of Hellas and the East, and in the prophecy and worship of Israel. Mr. Gladstone's 'Juventus Mundi,' Dr. Fraser's 'Golden Bough,' Grote's first volumes of his monumental 'History of Greece,' are works of scholars. Classical works bearing on this subject in Greek are Homer, Hesiod, Pflutarch, Athenæus; in Latin, Ovid, Apuleius, Cicero's 'De Natura Deorum.'

The Story of the Bible is part of the history of the Church and the world. Religion, as Christians understand it, is given in the history and the literature of the people of whom Christ was born. That history is told with a fullness and accuracy which characterizes the history of no other people, and the Bible, as literature, is unique and supreme among the world's intellectual, moral, and spiritual treasures. The Story of Christ is in no sense identical with the story of any pre-Christian god. The stories of pre-Christian gods are nature myths, which mythologists did not expect anyone to take literally. The Story of the Bible is true, as a history of Israel, and as a revelation of the Founder of our religion. In classical authors the longing for a teacher and redeemer is often expressed. The 'Prometheus Vincit' of Æschylus, and "the perfectly Just Man," in Plato's 'Republic,' are wonderful anticipations in ideal of what Christ achieved.

In poetry, in philosophy, and even in worship, the world was prepared for Christ's coming.

The publication in Greek, at Alexandria, of the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament gave the world ideas worked out in Philo Judæus, and, no doubt, in many heathen authors, from the third century before Christ, who, being able to read the Bible of Israel, became approximately Christian in ideal. Much religious knowledge, read in the Septuagint by Greek writers centuries before Christ, prepared Greek philosophy for the Gospel. Eusebius's great works 'Preparatio Evangelica,' 'Theophania,' and 'Demonstratio Evangelica' show how the truth was spread before Christ. 'The Court of the Gentiles,' by Theophilus Gale, in the seventeenth century, shows how much the heathen world owed to the Bible, just as Eastern religions to-day gather truth from the Scriptures. The similarity in the teaching of heathen philosophers to the Gospel and the likeness of some points in pagan mythology to Christ's revelation shows that "God is the God, not of the Jew only, but of the Gentile also."

Such a controversy as this, on 'The Story of the Bible,' requires of those who engage in it some knowledge both of the Bible and of classical literature, which one of your correspondents has yet to gain. The books he names will not help much.

I am, etc.,

ROBERT BARRETT, M.A.

Barnham, Sussex

[This correspondence is closed.—ED. S.R.]

ROADMENDING

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I be allowed to put in a plea for the men who, in the road-mending work now epidemic in various parts of the country, manipulate the electric (or is it hydraulic?) drill that breaks up the old concrete foundations? The drill is held by the hands and pressed continually downwards and meanwhile it is vibrating to such an extent that in time the operation must have a very deleterious effect on the nervous system of the operators. Cannot the machine be altered so as to obviate this?

I am, etc.,

"TOURNEBROCHE"

Reviews

YOUNG BOSWELL

Young Boswell. Chapters on James Boswell, based largely on new material. By Chauncey Brewster Tinker. Putnam's. 15s. net.

THE day is long past when the name of James Boswell can be mentioned with contempt. His lack of reserve, his vanity, his extraordinary candour regarding his own frailties, long prevented his taking his proper place among the masters of English literature. He was treated as the lackey of Dr. Johnson, as a puppy of no importance who thrust himself into prominence by licking the hand of a very eminent man. His levity was shocking to reviewers, who approached it with the vision of a schoolmaster, and who were annoyed, no doubt, by Boswell's cheerful disregard for many conventions which they thought valuable. But the moral pedants have had to retire before a troop of admirers who assert that they do not approach Boswell as a moralist or as a teacher of behaviour, but as an incomparable artist. He is acknowledged to be the leader in a delightful branch of literature, and we get no further than Macaulay did, in his celebrated confession that, in biography, "Eclipse is first and the rest nowhere." Though so much has been, very needlessly, said about Boswell's lack of modesty, nothing he imagined about himself approached the claim which posterity makes for him. Everything about so unique a personage is worthy of our attention, and Mr. Tinker is warmly to be thanked for the zeal with which he has hunted out new facts about his hero. Mr. Tinker's book would be better for a more distinct demarcation in it between what has already been published and what is unedited. But there is enough that is new to make the volume one which must be added to a library well stored with eighteenth-century information.

Particularly interesting is the fresh material with regard to what Boswell was doing in 1764 and 1765, years of which we have hitherto known nothing save that the young Scotsman visited Italy in the former and Holland in the latter. Mr. Tinker has discovered that, passing through Switzerland in December, 1764, he paused in the Val de Travers to address a letter to Rousseau. This letter, accompanied by no introduction, Mr. Tinker gives in an English translation; we wish that he had printed the original as well. It is a gushing composition, in which Boswell gives what is really a very good description of himself:

I present myself, sir, as a man of unique merit, as a man with a sensitive heart, a spirit lively yet melancholy. Ah! if all I have suffered gives me no special merit in the eyes of M. Rousseau, why was I ever so created, and why did he ever write as he has done?

The author of 'La Nouvelle Héloïse' was living at that time at Môtiers, worried by the Swiss officials but protected by Lord Keith, whom possibly he consulted as to the social position of the young Scotsman. At all events, Rousseau received Boswell with cordiality, and it curiously enough appears that he immediately detected the man's gift for biography. When they parted, Rousseau asked his enthusiastic visitor to correspond with him, and when more than a year later the philosopher went over to England with Hume, he left Boswell in charge of Thérèse Le Vasseur. After Rousseau, Voltaire, whom Boswell successfully invaded at Ferney, and with whom he had "a most serious conversation"; Voltaire "talked of his natural religion in a striking manner," and quoted Thomson's 'Seasons'. Boswell nourished the hope of bringing these two opposites together, and made amiable overtures, but without success.

Nor was he more happy in his first attempt to melt the savage heart of Wilkes, as appears from a bundle of letters, unfortunately much damaged by water, which

Mr. Tinker has cleverly and plausibly reconstructed; from this it appears that Boswell, in his usual abrupt way, invited Wilkes to dine alone with him in Turin, in January, 1765. Wilkes declined, excusing himself, apparently, on the pretext that he was too much overcome by the news of Churchill's death to dine in company, but Boswell, abounding in sympathy, turned this admission also to his own advantage, and soon gained the intimacy of Wilkes, associating with him in Rome and Naples, until Boswell's celebrated tour in Corsica divided the strangely assorted companions. An amusing chapter in Mr. Tinker's book is occupied by the preposterous love-adventures of his hero. When Boswell was at Utrecht, he made the acquaintance of "a young woman of the highest nobility, and very rich." This was Isabella de Zuylen, daughter of a Dutch baron. He says, in letters to William Temple, that he conducted himself towards Zélide, as he calls her, "in such a way as to win the reputation of a philosopher." He asked her to be his wife, but he did not conceal from her that existence at Auchinleck would be excessively boring. He sent her letters to Rousseau, for his opinion. The attachment continued, in a tepid way, through more than four years, but Zélide had an Italian rival, "full of sensibility and formed like a Grecian nymph," whose papa was possessed of £10,000 in ready money. An Irish heiress at Lainshaw further diverted the biographer's volatile affections, and we find him at Carrickfergus, dancing a jig with "the finest creature that ever I beheld, a perfect Arcadian shepherdess," and entreating her to marry him. And, then, without the smallest transition, behold him suddenly the husband of his cousin, Margaret Montgomery!

There are many features of this amusing volume to which we should like, but for lack of space, to call attention. There is a long letter, never before described, from Boswell to Goldsmith, on the happy coincidence of the first production of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and of Boswell's own daughter's birth. For the closing days of the life of the Master of Auchinleck, Mr. Tinker is able to use for the first time a bundle of letters addressed to Boswell's factor, James Gibb. They give an impression of an honest and benign landlord, painfully embarrassed in fortune. It is sad to learn that in June, 1793, he was attacked and robbed while he was drunk, and severely knocked about. Perhaps he never quite recovered from the effects of this "villainous accident." The style of Mr. Tinker is a little too boisterous for our taste, but his book, besides being a complete summary of the events of Boswell's career, as already revealed, contains new material of very considerable value.

GERMAN DIPLOMACY

The Memoirs of an Ambassador. By Freiherr von Schoen. Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

FREIHERR VON SCHOEN has written a dignified and candid account of his experiences during forty years as a German diplomatist. For many years he held the important position of Councillor of Embassy in Paris, under Count Münster, who left the conduct of affairs very much in his hands. In 1900 he was appointed Minister in Copenhagen; in 1905 he was promoted to St. Petersburg; in 1907 he returned to Berlin as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and in 1910 he became Ambassador in Paris, a post which he held until the outbreak of the great war. His sober and obviously honest description of the chief events in which he played an important part is a valuable addition to the sources from which the future historian will

compile his narrative of the tortuous ways of German diplomacy between the fall of Bismarck and 1914. It is quite obvious that Freiherr von Schoen was strongly opposed to "the attitude of individual German circles, which were bent on extension of power, and boasted of Germany's military strength." He speaks feelingly of the extent to which German diplomacy was frequently hampered by "an accompaniment of jingling spurs and blows of the fist on the table, such as is not unfrequently recommended by over-zealous German patriots." The most amazing proof of the utter incapacity of the Wilhelmstrasse to understand the psychology of other nations is given by Freiherr von Schoen's description of the instructions which were sent to him on July 31, 1914, for asking whether France would remain neutral in the event of a Russo-German war. These instructions actually included the provision that, "in case of France promising to remain neutral, which was unlikely, a guarantee was to be given, in the form of conceding us a right to occupy the fortresses of Toul and Verdun for the duration of the war with Russia." This demand, as Freiherr von Schoen observes, "showed a lack of correct appreciation of French national sentiment. If the French had even for only a passing moment thought of agreeing to the proposal of neutrality, the demand for the surrender of their most important fortresses would have nipped any understanding in the bud." When the French experts succeeded in deciphering the message in which this proposal had been made, they not unnaturally regarded it as a proof that Germany had determined to goad France into war by making so unacceptable a condition. Freiherr von Schoen, however, from his inner knowledge of the Wilhelmstrasse, believes that it was not so intended, but was simply "a mistaken calculation." Could there be any stronger indictment of the invincible ignorance which prevailed among the statesmen of Berlin as to the mentality of their neighbours? Freiherr von Schoen also recalls the unfortunate circumstance that the actual declaration of war which he was instructed to hand to M. Viviani was based on alleged French air attacks on Nuremberg and other German towns—a story which the French Premier knew to be untrue and emphatically declined to accept. This story afterwards proved to be "merely the product of highly overwrought imagination. How such false reports," adds the ex-Ambassador, "could have been given the weight of facts in our responsible quarters, and indeed of such momentous facts, is inconceivable." Freiherr von Schoen's concluding chapter on 'The Cause of the War' is the most honest and candid statement that we could expect from a responsible German statesman. He admits that Germany is not free from blame, but claims that she is not so completely to blame as her enemies allege. "She made mistakes, and did wrong, but not so much from lack of 'will to peace' as from lack of safe guidance through the complexities of high policy." The force of Freiherr von Schoen's plea for the country of which he represents the better traditions is strengthened by the honourable fervour with which he denounces the violation of Belgian neutrality. "It was both wrong and dishonourable, it exposed us to the contempt of the world, and furnished our enemies with weapons with which they fought us no less effectively than by force of arms. . . . Crushing a weak country, protected by sacred treaties, is a crime against which the world's conscience revolts, and for which it demands reparation. Germany will have to bear the burden of this reparation for a generation to come." Freiherr von Schoen is not only a true patriot but an honest gentleman; if the Wilhelmstrasse had been in the hands of men of his type for the twenty years preceding the war, the course of European events would have run very differently. We should add that Miss Constance Vesey's translation is an exceptionally competent piece of work.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE'S BOSWELL

Anatole France and his Circle. By Paul Gsell. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.

FEW writers have more completely the gift of revealing themselves in their works than M. Anatole France. In a handful of characters, Sylvestre Bonnard, the Abbé Coignard, M. Bergeret, to name only three, and in books like 'The Garden of Epicurus' and the opinions of M. Jérôme Coignard, one finds set out in a manner at once copious and subtle the likes and dislikes, the enthusiasms (always temperate, these) and the prejudices of the author himself. Rigorous and even painful as the task of composition is reported to be to him, M. France contrives in these emanations of himself to give you the impression of assisting at a divinely desultory conversation in which one thought flows easily into another and the mind is led backwards and forwards through the rich fields of literature and life with hardly a consciousness of the transition from one to another. This quality, which requires for its transference to paper all the resources of his art, belongs naturally to M. France. In the conversations so admirably recorded in this book you feel as if you were in the presence of M. Bergeret in his daily visit to the bookseller in his provincial town, or of the Abbé Coignard at the dinner table in the *Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*. The conversations range on all kinds of subjects, on the French Academy, of which surely the great novelist is the most candid of members, on Jeanne Darc, Cervantes, Rabelais, Dante and Shakespeare, on the relation of literature to politics, on Rodin and Victor Hugo, but they are all illuminated by the mellowed light of an urbanity and a culture which is unparalleled in our day. The record of conversations in a way which will preserve their spirit is one of the most difficult of all literary exercises. Mr. Gsell, on a much smaller scale, does it as well as Boswell, and there could be no higher praise than that. We have not seen the French original, and though from time to time the translator makes obvious slips, it would be ungenerous not to recognize the dexterity with which he gets round difficulties created by plain spokenness a little unfamiliar to English ears.

MR. LYND IN SHIRT SLEEVES

The Sporting Life. By Robert Lynd. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.

WE take this agreeable book for proof that its author has a strong prejudice against confounding literature and journalism. As a journalist who realizes that the average newspaper-reader not only mistrusts and abhors "style" but is pleased when his entertainers make like confession, Mr. Lynd is most obliging. Each short sentence in each short paragraph of his minuscule chapters reveals the author as a plain fellow, unpretentious as his reader. "I was never able to get through Mill's *Logic*," he declares in an essay which—oh, artful Mr. Lynd—is nevertheless a model of accurate thinking nonsensically disposed and embroidered. It is possibly owing to the absence of a laboured composition that the book can be read with equal pleasure backwards, like a good proposition in Euclid. We read in this fashion the little essay called 'The Chemist,' beginning with the last paragraph and finding each precedent one good fun in its turn. The clever journalist looks upon his readers as sheep easily disturbed, who, after fumbling for the coppers for their 'bus fares, are likely to drop their heads on to a different patch. That they may find each bit of grass nibblesome, the pasturage must be kept continuously fresh without stress of continuity. Mr. Lynd is an artist in this regard; each of his amusing essays is made up of little parts which are in themselves entertaining wholes.

At the same time we think it a mistake for essayists of distinction to dish up their less considerable work without any kind of revision. The most fastidious

journalist of our time has confessed to submitting his republished work to much "scrutiny and titivation." Mr. Lynd has not even tidied up. "The Australians' fingers were probably numb with cold as my own are in writing these words" and "Many people (at the Derby) were wearing handkerchiefs suspended under their hats to protect the backs of their necks" are sentences which might well have been scrutinized away. Yet ever and again we get the fresh and unspoiled thing which is the saving grace of the writer in a hurry. What better description of the Downs on Derby Day than "a continent of pleasure flung on the low green hills"? Capital, too, is the little flash, "Nonsense-writers are the fathers of the church of good nature." It is a pity that Mr. Lynd, the artist, has not bound up in a consistent whole the inspirations of Mr. Lynd, the journalist. Carpentier appears to him, scribbling for his first edition, in a rapid succession of images—Mercury, a character from Shakespeare, a young Bensonian actor with fine lines to speak, George du Maurier attacked by Billy Merson. All these are good, but the essay itself waits to be put together, like some box of beautiful bricks scattered about a nursery floor. The accounts of the Test Matches are a curious jumble of happy phrase and the extreme of infelicity. When Tennyson split his hand we read that "Australia had not drawn first blood, but she had drawn blue blood." Newsboys shouting: "Result of Hobbs's operation!" have the comment that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. These we take to be quite dreadful. Yet a sentence or two earlier we had paused before a fine picture of Armstrong—"the world nicely balanced on two legs." The man of letters may condescend to journalism, but when he contemplates book form he should be nicely balanced on his pedestal.

Consideration of these little essays as a whole makes us regret that we did not read them one by one, as they came out. The proper way to take them now is, we suggest, pill-fashion, one after each meal and two at bed-time. "Many a mickle makes a muckle," says the old proverb, but the muckle is apt to lead to cerebral indigestion. "There's no such thing," interrupts the reader. We agree, but allow the phrase to stand. It is exactly the kind of thing which Mr. Lynd jots down with his hands numb and the sun scorching the back of his neck, and is afterwards disinclined to correct. One thing we say definitely, and without fear of contradiction, and that is that cerebral indigestion is better than cerebral starvation. Mr. Lynd is not one of those word-spinners who can get along without ideas. He has ideas, perhaps too many for his space. To grumble were churlish. We will be content with asking for a trifle more polish.

BOUDIN

Eugène Boudin d'après des documents inédits. By G. Jean-Aubry. Paris: Bernheim-Jeune.

Nager en plein ciel. Arriver aux tendresses du nuage. Suspendre ces masses au fond, bien lointaines dans la brume grise, faire éclater l'azur. Je sens tout cela venir, poindre dans mes intentions. Quelle jouissance et quel tourment! . . . A-t-on mieux fait jadis? Les Hollandais arrivaient-ils à cette poésie du nuage que je cherche? a ces tendresses du ciel qui vont jusqu'à l'admiration, jusqu'à l'adoration: ce n'est pas exagérer.

That is a passage extracted by M. Jean-Aubry from one of the earlier notebooks of Boudin. It well expresses what he did arrive at—a depth of tender grey, neither cold nor arbitrarily coloured, which envelopes clouds and other forms, and gives delicious value to notes of sharper tint. It has long been known that Boudin was in a sense the master of Claude Monet. Here is Monet's own account of their relations, communicated to the author:

Je m'en souviens comme si c'était d'hier. C'était chez un marchand de cadres où j'exposais fréquemment de ces charges au crayon qui m'avaient valu quelque notoriété dans le Havre et même un peu d'argent. Je trouvais là Eugène Boudin qui,

âgé d'environ trente ans [actually thirty-five] commençait à dégager sa personnalité. A plusieurs reprises j'avais vu de sa peinture, et j'aime mieux vous dire que je trouvais cela affreux. "Ah, c'est vous, jeune homme," me dit-il, "qui faites ces petites choses. C'est dommage que vous en restiez là, il y a des qualités là-dedans. Pourquoi ne faites-vous donc pas de peinture?" J'avoue que la pensée de faire de la peinture du genre de celle que faisait Boudin ne m'enthousiasmait guère. Pourtant sur ces instances, j'acceptai d'aller travailler en plein air avec lui; j'achetai une boîte de peinture, et nous voilà partis pour Rouelles, sans grande conviction de ma part. Boudin installe son chevalet et se met au travail. Je le regarde avec quelque appréhension, je le regarde plus attentivement, et puis ce fut tout à coup comme une voile qui se déchire: j'avais compris, j'avais saisi ce que pouvait être la peinture. . . ma destinée de peintre s'était ouverte.

Monet was to outrage others in the same way.

Such are the interesting gleanings which have allowed M. Jean-Aubry to add to our intimate knowledge of Boudin's career. Among the new documents are series of letters to his friend Martin, his brother Louis, and a number of notebooks from the collection of the late M. Louveau, of Honfleur. They are framed in a full account of the painter's life and works, adding to what we possessed in the book by M. Gustave Cahen. The volume is richly illustrated, handsomely printed, and furnished with lists of exhibited paintings and a bibliography. It is a work of piety on M. Jean-Aubry's part, not only to Boudin but to Honfleur, where he had already traced the footprints of Charles Baudelaire.

TIME FOR BED AGAIN

Half-Past Bedtime. By H. H. Bashford. With illustrations by the author. Harrap. 5s. net.

IN this book Mr. Bashford gives us some stories for children, written in a light and witty manner, with frequent flights into the realms of poetry and imagination. The child characters please us by their individuality, their light hearts and their readiness for adventure. If some of their adventures happen in places that are quite, quite new, that is all the better, and we know that Marion and Cuthbert and Doris are as real as anyone could wish to be. Gwendoline is the only shadowy creation, perhaps because she grew so slim when she gave up eating marzipan. She is first introduced to us as a fat child, and (so strong are first impressions) it is difficult to disentangle the Gwendoline of the fat tummy from the subsequently graceful girl, however clear the explanations about the marzipan. Gwendoline's aunt we shall not readily forget, so clear is her portrait, with her "pale, proud face, deeply lined with indigestion" set in its background of "a big house on the right-hand side of Bellington Square."

Some pretty verses accompany the stories, and, not content with his achievements in prose and poetry, Mr. Bashford has also drawn the illustrations. It is always interesting to see an author's illustrations, but very often it is disappointing. If the word pictures in this book were not so clearly drawn and full of amusing detail, the emptiness and conventionality of the drawings would be less noticeable. On looking at them our imagination comes to a dead stop, and we are made almost painfully aware that Mr. Bashford knows something about linear perspective.

Perhaps his desire to get a good clear line has blinded him to the subtler ways of suggesting perspective and distances. And why does he invariably give us a back view of the figures? It recalls the first attempts of Peter Ibbotson to visualize his past childhood, when he saw so clearly the back view of the boy he used to be. We are the less inclined to forgive Mr. Bashford for making the majority of the illustrations commonplace, since he shows himself to be capable of better things. The illustration to 'Old Mother Hubbard' represents a heavy snowstorm, and is a truly delightful piece of impressionism—one not easy to achieve in pen and ink. The coloured frontispiece is also an effective drawing, making us feel the stillness of the evening and the coming darkness.

New Fiction

By GERALD GOULD

Variety. By Sarah Grand. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.*The Cuckoo's Nest.* By Christine Jope-Slade. Nisbet. 7s. 6d. net.*Overlooked.* By Maurice Baring. Heinemann. 6s. net.

I NEVER read 'The Heavenly Twins,' but I remember the stir it made. Partly, I believe, that stir was caused by the author's reference to something which now figures in large advertisements, as spirited as they are public-spirited, in all the daily newspapers. Thus one generation's strong meat becomes the vegetarian diet of the next. Nowadays no one would attract attention by calling a spade a spade: nowadays, to be noticeable, you have to call everything a spade, whether it is a spade or not. In amatory literature, as in auction bridge, spades are worth more than hearts.

Nothing could make less of that sort of appeal than 'Variety,' Madame Sarah Grand's new book. It contains eight stories, all on conventional patterns. There is even that most familiar and most detestable of all characters in fiction, the scapegrace, the ne'er-do-well, disillusioned and dishonoured, who redeems himself at the last by laying down his life for his friend. Unhappy that I am, I cannot have a lump into my throat over that timely decease. All Mudie's yesterdays have lighted that particular fool the way to dusty death. Then there is "one of the olden time"—the honest, autocratic old gardener, brusque in manner, golden of heart: you cannot find his like to-day! A rich American woman who marries into a distinguished English family, and climbs socially by compelling her husband to overwork politically, is dowered with the name of Jobb in order that other people may be witty about jobbery. And oh! but Jobb was a snob. Really, it was too dreadful—

Having ascertained who were the subscribers, she determined to send a handsome cheque towards a testimonial to be presented to a distinguished person; the list was one in which it would look well to have her name appear; but a piteous appeal from an old servant on behalf of a dying husband and a sick child she tore up; she really could not help everybody, and people of that kind were incorrigible—so improvident! Besides, she had given the woman a pound only a year ago.

That sort of satire may (or may not) have satisfied the maw of the hungry 'nineties: for us, decadent children of a more squeamish age, it has hardened into the stereo-comic. Madame Sarah Grand is better in the episodes which hint at the supernatural: but, on the whole, the better parts strike one almost as notes for stories rather than as stories in being. People and incidents have been observed or imagined, but nothing much has been made of them. The descriptive comment falls flat, not because the author has not the ability to make it vital, but because it is not in a vital relation to the narrative. We feel the need of something far more deeply interfused.

'The Cuckoo's Nest' and 'Overlooked' both show us the process, rather than the result, of fusion. They remove the lid from the enchanter's cauldron, and invite us to analyse the ingredients. Those who have read Mr. Baring's 'Passing By' will not need to be told that, in him, the apparatus of a baffling and intriguing subtlety is the artist's own necessary method of saying the precise thing he has to say. Miss Jope-Slade misses this effect of necessity and finality. She, too, is subtle: but her method is unsure, and she squanders her indubitable gifts of wit, insight and charm on a plot which was apparently designed merely to carry the exposition of those gifts, and has no inherent sense or structure of its own. She gets her

characters together by the device of a rich, aged, ironic, inscrutable Marchesa—a goddess out of a Margate shelter. The Marchesa lends her house in London to the elfin Zuriel, and her studio in the garden behind the house to a young man who designs dresses and a young woman who teaches rhythmic dancing. The Art-and-Craft milieu is a dangerous one. It is difficult to be arty without being artificial, and Miss Jope-Slade does not overcome the difficulty. The people of the story, mostly lightly sketched, are arranged in a pattern by the Marchesa for her own amusement: she alone holds the key of the mystery: she alone knows what Zuriel's father is. He turns out to be a waiter. You never can tell.

The book is valuable for two of the characters. Ann Charlton is a fine, a noble human being, finely and nobly drawn, and therefore a little incongruous in that self-consciously fantastic world. Her love, and its strength under the pain of the beloved's egotistic blindness, have a heroic quality: and her quietness itself is strong. Zuriel's mother, on the other hand, is as fantastic as you please, and yet human in a way which the other creatures of the fantasy miss. She is dumpy, homely, unadventurous, ridiculously commonplace—and yet her whole personality is lit up with a radiance of wisdom. Her words are crude but her thoughts are shrewd:

If it's the Freud I found in your room you're talking about, Zuriel, please don't. I'm a broad-minded woman, but you're not going to persuade me that if a good man with a family dreams of turnips or white mice it means he ought to go and have a good time. Religions telling people they ought to do what they want to are always popping up, but they aren't popular with women, and you can't make a religion go unless you've got the women.

Miss Jope-Slade makes one curious slip. It is impossible for Sir Timothy's wife to be Lady Timothy. This is what the old lady called a law of the Swedes and Prussians. It is a law of British titularity, which no Swede or Prussian can understand. But no matter. 'The Cuckoo's Nest' is a book which everyone with a delicate sense of humour should read.

Mr. Baring's technique is unique. His readers must "by indirections find directions out." His story, which is of an involved and delayed love affair, with endless cross-purposes, is told, first, as it appears to a blind man staying at a French watering-place, who is the partial confidant of several actors and spectators of the drama: next, as it is fashioned into a published story by an able but obtuse novelist, one of the spectators, whose immediate comments have already been given in the first part: and lastly, as elucidated in conversation between the blind man and a psychological expert, with the additional light of one or two further facts. And all within two hundred pages of large print! And then we are not given any clear solution!

Well, life is admittedly a perplexing business, and no man can read another's heart, or his own. And if the making of imaginary beings "true to life" really depended upon the psychological analysis of motive—the unravelling, by signs and tokens, of that which *ex hypothesi* is infinitely complicated, and never can be unravelled—then, obviously, we should have no novels worth reading. But that is just what artistic creation does not depend upon. I have always thought that Browning's 'Abt Vogler' made an unfair claim for one particular art when he said of music:

I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.

The musician frames a star: but so does the painter, the poet, the novelist. "Ye hear how the tale is told," says Browning. But we don't: that is the ultimate mystery of art, and we cannot hear it. Mr. Baring, with his extraordinary fineness of mind and sympathy, his extreme skill, might, by his implied precept, suggest that we can hear how the tale is told: but his example teaches better.

Saturday Stories: XII

THE SYSTEM

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

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I HAD not been in France since 1913 and I expected to see great changes, but from Calais to Boulogne and from Boulogne to Amiens, and from Amiens to Paris the place looked pretty much the same. All along the old battle front from the sea to Switzerland you will find shell-ploughed fields and ruined villages; but travelling to Paris by the Northern Railway you will see nothing of all this or next to nothing, and Paris seemed just the same on the surface as the Paris of 1912-13, the same crowds and the same cafés.

The night I left for the Riviera I dined at the restaurant of the Gare de Lyons. This place seems to draw all sorts of people to it besides travellers, and I was contemplating the table manners of a French family on my right when the door opened and Caradoc came in, followed by a porter carrying a kit bag and a rug, also golf sticks. He was going to Monte Carlo, like myself, but not to gamble.

People go to Monte Carlo for the purpose of gambling and other people, like myself and Caradoc, go to have a good time. Nowhere else can you find so many innocent attractions, ranging from the golf course at Mont Angel to the concerts and operas of the Casino, from the Musée Oceanographique to the cosmopolitan crowds that fill the streets and sit before the cafés. Even the tables, to a man who has no taste for play, are an attraction. Nothing is more interesting to watch than the faces of the players and the faces of the croupiers. I know there are some people who are so set against gambling that they refuse to enter the rooms; they are perhaps afraid to trust themselves in the zone of temptation, but if you are not a gambler there is surely no more danger to you in the rooms than in the Café de Paris if you are not a drunkard.

Caradoc came to my table and we dined together and had a jolly time. He had a lot to tell me. Since being demobilized he had gone back to his business—engineering—and he was doing well, so well that he was about to get married shortly. I looked at him as he was speaking and contrasted him with the crowd around, the bourgeois French father of a family with his napkin tucked under his chin, several Americans who were informing the whole restaurant that they were bound for Genoa, an obvious German trying to look like a Dutchman, and some others. Caradoc was thirty, did not look more than twenty-five, and had a pleasant plain sunburnt face—one of those faces that wear well and don't weary you. It was a well balanced face. I wonder when a new school of beauty will arise and teach the world that facial beauty does not lie in line or colour but in expression and balance. You said to yourself of Caradoc, "here is a man absolutely to be depended on, absolutely sane, yet not without imagination, good-tempered yet capable of wrath, kindly but not a fool."

"Well," I said to him, "and after your holiday what are you going to do?"

"Spain," he replied. "I have a contract for a big bridge near Barcelona, at least we have. I'm going into partnership with Hogg Simpson & Co.—you know them—and I'm the junior and the most active, so I'll get most of the foreign work. It will take me six months, and when I get home again I'll get married. But besides all that I've a lot of other irons in the fire."

"What sort of ones?"

"Inventions—several of them."

"Then you'll make your fortune."

Caradoc smiled and I did not pursue the topic. Amongst all the thorny paths trod by man the path of the inventor is unique: for crookedness and pitfalls and crassly constructed obstacles and plain rascality

masquerade under the name of Business. Then having finished dinner we left the restaurant for the train. We were travelling in the ordinary manner, leaving sleeping cars and couchettes to those that liked them, and finding that our seats were in the same carriage though not the same compartment, we settled down to smoke and yarn in the corridor.

The Gare de Lyons always fascinates me. I suppose it is the contrast between the smoky, dirty depressing station and the vision of the sunlit lands it leads to. As we stood watching the first part of the express for Marseilles pulling out from the opposite platform, my eyes, wandering over the crowd swarming on ours, saw a man pushing his way towards our carriage, followed by a porter with luggage. We both knew him; it was Allenby.

Allenby was a bearded creature of twenty-eight or so, a fifth wrangler attached to the Greenwich Observatory, utterly without guile or worldly wisdom, and the only Englishman I have ever known capable of growing a typical French beard. The sort of beard that makes you say at once, "That's a Frenchman!" It grew up to his eyes and it grew out like a fan and it curled and had a suggestion of ebony shavings about it. However, fascinating though the subject may be, this is not a story about Allenby's beard.

He blundered into the corridor, found that he had got into the wrong carriage, recognized us, had his luggage taken to the next carriage where his seat was and came back to us along the corridor.

He was bound for Beaulieu, or rather for Cap Ferrat; he had only a three weeks' holiday and he said he was going to make the most of it. His hobby was natural history as far as natural history concerned the lepidoptera. I think it was the lepidoptera, but it doesn't much matter.

II

Next morning the three of us met for breakfast in the restaurant car. Outside, the early light was touching a world of fantastic hills, sun-baked plains and coloured houses. We had a corner table by the entrance door and coffee had just been served when the door opened and a little man in check tweeds entered, looked around and took his seat by Allenby. It was the only seat vacant. He recognized that the three of us were friends and he apologized for intruding on our family party. Then he began to talk. I have never heard anyone talk like that man in check tweeds. He was American, I think, but I can't be sure; he may have been a Canadian. He talked with an absolute indifference to his hearers, without waiting for a reply, without cessation, about everything; about the little pots of jam they serve in the restaurant cars of the P.L.M., about the peach jam you can get in the cars of the Chicago Burlington and Quincy Railway, about President Wilson, about the war, about the Great Boer War, Rhodes, orange growing, and the number of tons of violets, roses, orange blossoms and jonquils they consume every year in the great scent factories of Grasse. All this at breakfast, mind you, after a night in the train.

Then all at once he became interesting, getting on to the subject of Monte Carlo and the gambling that goes on there. He knew everything, the number of suicides a year, the takings of the tables, the amount drawn from the business by the Prince of Monaco, the systems invented by all sorts of ingenious people for the purpose of beating the bank.

"You can't put up any valid system against chance," suddenly cut in Allenby the mathematician, speaking for the first time. The man in tweeds paused for a moment and considered Allenby. "That's what

people say," said the man in tweeds. "And up to a point they are right; all the same, quite a lot of people have little dodges by which they manage to scrape a living out of the bank."

"Just so," said Allenby. "But they are not big players. I expect they are content with snapping small profits day by day; even so, I doubt if they are better off at the end of the year."

"You are a player?" said the stranger.

"No," said Allenby, "I have never been in a gambling room in my life. I'm a mathematician and I once went into the business of chance, that's all."

"Well," said the man in tweeds, "I'm no mathematician, but I've got a system of my own at roulette and it has made good."

"What's your system?" asked Caradoc.

"Just this," said the other. "I go into the rooms and I plank twenty francs on No. 1. It loses, and I put the same amount on No. 2. It loses, and I back No. 3 and so on, backing every number up to thirty-five. I make that twenty francs walk up the board through all the numbers and I've never done it yet without meeting luck before I reached No. 35."

"But see here," said Allenby, "it would be just as good to take any number, say 3, and back it thirty-five times; that stands to reason."

"There's no reason about chance," said the man in tweeds. "As you say, it looks just as if it would be the same to back one number thirty-five times as to back each one of thirty-five numbers once. It's not. It's all the difference between sitting and waiting for Luck and going out to find her. Luck's a woman; she likes to be run after and I'm just telling you my experience when I say that I've tried out both ways and I've never had any luck sitting down on a number and waiting for it to turn up. Squatting like a hare isn't hunting."

He paid the bill for his coffee and roll and went off to his own compartment.

"That's sheer lunacy," said Allenby.

"Absolute," said Caradoc.

III

I stopped at the Hotel de Paris for some days and then moved up the hill to La Turbie. What struck me most forcibly was the fact that the Great War, with all its horror, its heroism, its ruin and wreckage, had left little mark upon the gay life of France. Here in Monte Carlo there was no money at all, nothing at all in the way of real money, except a few wretched copper and nickel coins, yet the jewellers' shops remained as of old. Ciro's was crowded and the Casino packed. On my second day there I met Caradoc and strolled with him into the Casino. I refused to pay fifty francs for entry into the Circle Privée; the common gambling room was good enough for me and for him, and here were the same old faces, the same old women, the same old croupiers, and the same old game—and the same old systems. Women watching the numbers and pricking holes in cards, men making elaborate calculations, whilst the croupiers, like figures of Fate, made the game. "Let's try it," said Caradoc. "Let's try that dodge the fellow told us of in the train. I'll put up three hundred and fifty francs if you'll do the same, and we'll crawl up the board twenty francs a time." I hesitated for a moment, then I handed him the money and he bought thirty-five counters each of twenty francs.

I had played before, never risking more than a couple of sovereigns and without much interest in the business, but this time was different. Our united capital of seven hundred francs seemed to me a tremendous lot of money, and so it was, considering the purposes to which it was being put.

Caradoc placed his twenty-franc counter on No. 1. The ball span, fell into its slot with a click, and the croupier's voice rang out, and 3 turned up. "There's twenty francs gone anyhow," said I. "Wait a bit," said Caradoc. He placed a counter on No. 2. The

ball span, clicked home, and again came the croupier's voice, as the voice of a bird of prey, announcing No.

11. "There you are!" I said, "It's hopeless!" Caradoc made an impatient gesture with his shoulders, took another counter and placed it on No. 3. This time 4 was the winning number. "I nearly had her then," said Caradoc, placing another on 4. The ball span and No. 3 turned up. Caradoc laughed and it came to me all of a sudden that we were pursuing Luck, pursuing her along a straight line whilst she danced around us, sometimes popping out of ambush in front of us, behind us, now quite close to us, now far ahead, for when Caradoc placed his next counter on No. 5, No. 30 turned up. It went on like this till we reached No. 32, when we found Luck, sitting waiting for us, laughing maybe, and out of breath. No. 32 turned up and Caradoc took his seven hundred francs from the croupier. We had lost thirty-one times; that is to say, we had lost six hundred and twenty francs, so on the whole we were eighty francs in pocket. For a moment the preposterous nonsense of calling this method of play a system came to me full face, then I lost my reason again, for Caradoc, automatically, like a machine, was recommencing his game. He placed twenty francs on No. 1 and No. 30 turned up, then he placed the same stake on No. 2 and No. 2 turned up. He took his seven hundred francs from the croupier. We were now seven hundred and sixty francs to the good.

He began a new series. This time we found Luck waiting for us at No. 15. We had lost fourteen times; that is to say, two hundred and eighty francs. We received seven hundred, so we were four hundred and twenty to the good, making a total gain of one thousand one hundred and eighty francs.

"Better stop," I said. "Yes," said Caradoc, "Let's stop." He rose from his seat and we divided the winnings, then we went over to the Café de Paris and had a smoke and a glass of Dubonnet, and watched the people passing by. "The great danger in play," said Caradoc, "is not being able to stop, either when you're winning or when you're losing, and there's another danger, and that is in increasing your stakes. Now the way we've just been playing doesn't let you in for more than a fixed sum."

"Unless you lose restraint," said I. "Of course," said he.

We sat silent for a while watching the people. I have said that in the common gambling room of the Casino the same old crowd faced the same old croupiers, but the main crowd at Monte Carlo is different. The people who haunt the best hotels and cafés are, taken altogether, not the same as the people of 1913.

I was saying something to this effect when Caradoc roused himself from a reverie he had fallen into. "Do you know," he asked, "what fills this place with gamblers?"

"The passion for play," I replied.

"No," said he, "the belief in Luck. I've been thinking it out; that system we have just been playing seems to have explained the whole thing to me. Every man believes not only in Luck but in his own power to make Luck his mistress. Some don't hold this belief so strongly as others, so they invent systems, but whether a man plays on a system or not, it's always his belief in Luck that keeps him at it. Hello, there's Allenby!"

Allenby was passing along in the crowd like a moth amongst butterflies. He was going in the direction of the Casino. Caradoc looked at me and I at him, then we rose and followed the astronomer. The dust of Cap Ferrat was still on his boots; he had come in by tram from St. Jean, evidently, and he was walking in a business-like way, and evidently with a purpose—and heading for the Casino. We followed him, watched him give his card to the official at the door and receive a card of admission. Then we followed him into the rooms. He walked in the same business-like way

without looking to right or left, picked out a table and stood for a moment watching the play, then, a seat becoming vacant, he took it, bought two hundred francs' worth of counters and sat as if waiting for something to turn up. Then he began to play, placing a counter on a number and another on the red. He was evidently following some system of his own devising.

The words of the man in the check tweed suit had evidently been working on his mind in the solitude of Cap Ferrat. Now here was an individual safe, one might surely say, from the virus of Monte Carlo, yet here he was playing with the rest, sucked in, hypnotized.

It is true he was not playing for the sake of gain; that was evident enough from his manner. He was playing to test some theory, some system—yet all the same he was playing. He lost and won and lost, then he had a long run of luck, then some more losses; shifting my position I took a glance at his face. He was no longer playing to prove a theory or test a system, he was playing now for the sake of the game, pursuing Luck as a man might pursue a woman. Caradoc nudged me.

IV

It was the next morning that Allenby sought me out at my hotel in La Turbie, to borrow the money to get back to England. He was quite frank about the matter. He had invented a system that, though not water tight, ought to have given him a fair profit had he only kept his head. He hadn't. Like a fool he had begun doubling his stakes and he had dropped nearly two hundred pounds. I lent him twenty and he went off to take the train home, whilst I went off to play golf at Mont Angel.

Caradoc was to have met me, but he did not come. Neither did he come next day.

The morning after an official called at my hotel. He was a pale black-haired man in a black frock coat; he had come about Caradoc. Caradoc had lost a large sum of money the day before, three thousand pounds, no less. The sum amazed me, but as I afterwards learned, he had it in touch at the Crédit Lyonnaise; it was the money, in fact, he intended investing in the engineering business of which he hoped to be a partner. It was not so much money as his future, and he had lost it.

We took the funicular down to Monte Carlo and on the way I scarcely spoke to my companion. I was thinking of Caradoc, bright and young and with the whole world before him—Caradoc who had escaped from the perils of the Great War only to find this trap, set long ago in Peace.

Then when I reached the hotel where he had been staying and took possession of his effects according to his instructions, and when I had sent a cable to his father, it was explained to me that no one need know of the fact of his suicide.

They are discreet over suicides in Monte Carlo. It is part of the system, the system that spreads gardens and lays down golf courses and frees pigeons to be shot at, the system that brings opera companies from Paris, the system that supports a palace on the losses of ruined men and a prince on the money lost by fools and unfortunates. The only system that ever has succeeded at Monte Carlo.

Verse

THE RETURN

DEATH, kindly eager to pretend
Himself my servant in the land of spears,
Humble allegiance at the end

Broke where the homeward track your castle nears,
Let his white steed before my red steed press,
And rapt you from me into quietness.

ROBERT GRAVES

Authors and Publishers

A MISCELLANY

I LEARN that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge propose to use a new imprint, "The Sheldon Press," for those of their publications which are not of a purely religious character. The Society can have derived nothing but an increase of its reputation for scholarly exactitude and fullness of treatment from such of these publications as I have seen. The long series of 'Helps to the Student of History'—though not all of equal value, of course—contain books from which the greatest scholar living need not be ashamed to learn, while such a book as Dr. Poole's *Illustrations of the History of Mediaeval Thought*, just issued in a second edition after having been thirty years an inspiration to students, is an honour to the house which publishes it. I wish all success to "The Sheldon Press" imprint, which derives its name, I understand, from the fact that the Society's founder was Rector of Sheldon.

Happy India is, I think it will be admitted, an arresting title, nor did it strike me as being less so when I found that to it had to be added the words, 'As it might be if guided by Modern Science.' Mr. Arnold Lupton, the author of the book (Allen and Unwin, 6s. net), tells us that he was moved to visit India from having read of the famines with which the Peninsula has been afflicted, and of the half-starved condition of a large part of its population. As the result of a close investigation, in which he was aided by the India Government, he came to the conclusion, as set forth in this work, that what most of all India needs is to be guided by men of science who will devote their attention to her economic development on modern lines, and chiefly as regards agriculture. It would be easy to raise a laugh by saying that in Mr. Lupton's view India is to be saved by manure, but he shows very clearly that there is a great deal more than a laugh in it. The poor ryot gets only about one-fourth of what the English farmer obtains to the acre—and this is where science can step in.

At a time when events cause fresh interest in political and other questions connected with Mohammedanism it is appropriate enough that a new edition of Mr. Justice Ameer Ali's well-known book *The Spirit of Islam* should be published (Christophers: 30s. net). The work has been revised throughout, and it contains two additional chapters. As before, it is divided into two parts, one dealing with the life of Mohammed, and the other with Mohammedanism generally. The point of view is that of a devout and sincere Moslem, with an intimate knowledge of the history of his religion, and a high confidence in its future. The publishers draw attention to the fact that in all Moslem centres of instruction this work is recognized as supplying the standard life, in English, of Mohammed. Naturally it is mainly of value to students, whether of world-religions or world-politics.

Tramping in the Rockies with the author of *The Daniel Jass* has apparently not satiated Mr. Stephen Graham's passion for that form of amusement, and he is shortly to undertake a similar excursion in New Mexico with the author of *Way of Revelation*. No doubt we shall in course of time be treated to a volume of gossip on the tour. Messrs. Heinemann are issuing the *Collected Prose* of Flecker and also his play *Hassan*. Another play which the same firm (it seems to specialize in the drama) is shortly producing is *The Forcing House*, by Mr. Israel Zangwill. It is a sequel to *The Cockpit*. Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham has written an introduction to an interesting book entitled *Adventures in Bolivia*, by C. H. Prodgers, to be published next week by the Bodley Head. Readers of the SATURDAY need not be told that a book on South American travel bearing the recommendation of Mr. Cunningham Graham is certain to be good.

LIBRARIAN

Competitions

(All solutions sent in must be accompanied by the Competitions Coupon, which will be found among the advertisements.)

PUBLISHERS' PRIZES

PRIZES are given every week for the first correct solution opened of the current Acrostic and Chess Problems. Envelopes are opened at haphazard when the Competition is closed, so that all solvers have an equal chance. The prizes consist of a book (to be selected by the solver) reviewed in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set. The published price must not exceed one guinea, and it must be a book issued by one of the Houses named below.

Envelopes containing solutions must be marked "Competition" and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor or Chess Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2. Any competitor not so marking his envelope will be disqualified. The Competitions Coupon for the week must be enclosed. The name of the winner and of the book selected will be published the following week or the week after that.

The following is the list of publishers whose books may be selected:—

Allen & Unwin	Harrap	Mills & Boon
Bale, Sons & Danielson	Heinemann	Murray
Basil Blackwell	Herbert Jenkins	Nash & Grayson
Burns, Oates & Washbourne	Hodder & Stoughton	Odham's Press
Chapman & Hall	Hodge	Putnam's
Collins	Hutchinson	Routledge
Dent	Jarrod	Sampson Low
Fisher Unwin	John Lane, The Bodley Head	Selwyn & Blount
Foulis	Macmillan	S.P.C.K.
Grant Richards	Melrose	Stanley Paul
Gyldendal	Methuen	Ward, Lock
		Werner Laurie

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS. IV.

Below we announce the subjects for the fourth Competition.

1. *Prose*. A prize of three guineas is offered for the best essay on "Aspidistras." The aphorism and epigram will be welcomed, but the essay must not exceed 600 words.
2. *Verse*. A prize of three guineas is offered for the best "Colloquy Among the Stars." The colloquy must be in rhymed or unrhymed verse.

The following conditions are to be observed:—

1. All entries must arrive at the SATURDAY REVIEW Office not later than the first post on Monday, Sept. 25, and the successful entries will be published the following week.
2. The names and addresses of competitors should be clearly stated. Entries will be referred to by the signature below the MS. proper.
3. The Editor will be the sole judge, and can enter into no correspondence with regard to these competitions. He reserves the right to publish any of the MSS. submitted, none of which can be returned. Any unsuccessful MS. published will be paid for.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 28.

1. A duty by the pious Moslem done.
2. The nymph, 'tis said, was first addressed by none.
3. Daughter of Night that deity they deem.
4. Swift flows the current of this noble stream.
5. A sound the "friend of man" at times emits
6. Needs must I be, if I have lost my wits.
7. He makes, West Indians hold, a tasty stew.
8. As midnight-darkness black; of sable hue.
9. A genius for finance was his, they say.
10. But why does he his lack of skill display?
11. Born to be cozened, bilked, deceived, and tricked.
12. Headless, it might a mortal wound inflict.
13. "Easy to see through, this!" Why, yes, my friend.

OUR ISLE'S 'PROSE HOMER' AND A TALE HE PENNED.
(ERE FIFTY YEARS WERE RUN HE MET HIS DOOM;
IN LISBON BORROW KISSED HIS MARBLE TOMB).

ACROSTIC No. 28.—The first correct solution opened (No. 13) came from Colonel C. A. Swan, Sansthorpe Hall, Spilsby, who has chosen as his prize 'Argonauts of the Western Pacific,' by Bronislaw Malinowski, published by Routledge, and reviewed in our columns on September 2 under the title of 'A South Sea Study.'

Correct solutions were also received from Trike, C. E. Jones, John Lennie, R. F. Armitage, R. H. Forster, N. O. Sellam*, C. Lister Kaye, Errant, and Bray. One light wrong:—Charles Graves, Trelaw, Colonel Morcom, B. C. R. Langford, Miss L. M. Maxwell, F. L. Grille, Major J. G. Forbes, H. C. M. Clarke, Miss Elizabeth Haig, Dr. W. A. Aikin, Carlton, T. F. Burns, Old Mancunian, Lady Juliet Trevor, Mrs. Matthew, Mrs. C. Morley Hames, Miss C. Henman, Annis, Feathers, A. Ebdon, Lillian, Lethendy, Herbert M. Vaughan, Tiny Tim, Rachael, Esiroc, Teolo, Bee, Gunton, Elisabeth, Stucco, P. M. R., and Macgroddy. Two lights wrong:—Horace M.

Reeves, Sol, R. C. Raine, Mrs. W. H. Myers, Miss A. C. Banks, P. M. C., Mrs. G. Gore Skipwith, Mid, Baithc, Barberry, Robin Hood, Miss Kelly, Lenno, Doric, Lady Duke, B. A. C., Coque, Miss N. R. Thomas, Gay, Mrs. R. Wood, Miss Sylvia Groves, N. F. Gibbons, G. A. K. Marshall, Ex Indis, Monk's Hill, Oakapple, V. F. Honniball, F. J. Gillett, Miss B. Alder, T. C. O., D. Vernon Hubble, C. J. Warden, Kistor, Madge, and Commandant R. H. Keate. All others more.

*No coupon enclosed.

E. H. C.—As explained in our note, postcards giving the correct light were sent to all solvers whose addresses were known to us.

The solution to Acrostic No. 26 is unavoidably held over owing to a delay in the post.

AUCTION BRIDGE

THE discard is one of the most essential points of bridge: it conveys valuable information to partners, it shows whether a suit is to be led or not, and it should give an accurate impression of the strength or weakness of one's suits. The importance of the "call" (i.e., leading a higher, then a lower card of the same suit) to indicate that one wishes that suit led, cannot be over-estimated. So many careless players, fixing their entire attention on making tricks, neglect to watch their partner's or adversaries' "calls": but the habit of observing and simultaneously making a mental note of discards is easily acquired. One should also be on the look-out for the commencement of a "call"—supposing A leads Ace, King of a suit, and his partner, not following to the second trick, discards a fairly high card, say an eight or nine, it may be assumed that this eight or nine would at the next opportunity be followed by the discard of a lower card of the same suit, thus showing a doubleton, or strength in that suit. If a singleton, of course so much the better. A good player, again, will force his adversaries to discard cards of value. An interesting case of this kind, where, in addition, the one opponent's good hand was destroyed by the long suit of his partner, occurred the other day. The score was: A and B 20, Y and Z nil. A dealt the following hands:

B		Z	
♠ A., 5, 4.		♠ K. 3, 2.	
♥ 8, 7, 4.		♥ K., 3.	
♦ J., 10, 9, 6, 2.		♦ A., 8, 7, 5, 3.	
♣ J., 8.		♣ 9, 7, 4.	
Y		A (dealer)	
♠ J., 10, 6.		♠ Qn., 9, 8, 7.	
♥ Qn., 5, 2.		♥ A., J., 10, 9, 6.	
♦ Qn.		♦ K., 4.	
♣ K., Qn., 10, 5, 3, 2.		♣ A., 6.	

A called one no trump and was left in (A is an orthodox caller who never calls a suit without "tops"), he made seven tricks, thereby winning the game. I give the hand in full, with some comments:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Y Cl. K	Cl. Qn.	D. Qn.	Cl. 10	Cl. 5	Cl. 3	Cl. 2
B Cl. 8	Cl. J.	D. 2	H. 4	Sp. 4	Sp. 5	H. 7
Z Cl. 4	Cl. 7	D. A.	Cl. 9	Sp. 2	Sp. 3	H. 3
A Cl. 6	Cl. A.	D. K.	H. 6	Sp. 8	Sp. 9	H. 9
8	9	10	11	12	13	
Y H. Qn.	H. 5	H. 2	Sp. 6	Sp. 10	Sp. J.	
B H. 8	Sp. A.	D. 6	D. 9	D. 10	D. J.	
Z H. K.	Sp. K.	D. 3	D. 5	D. 7	D. 8	
A. H. A.	H. J.	H. 10	Sp. Qn.	D. 4	Sp. 7	

NOTES.—Trick 1: This lead reopens the discussion as to the advisability (in leading to a no-trump) of opening a suit headed by K., Qn., with an honour instead of the fourth lowest. Most of the books recommend the latter. Personally, I think that the lead of fourth lowest is dangerous when J. and one other are in opponent's hand.

Trick 3: This was brilliant play on A's part. He gambles on the chance of the Qn. falling and the K. being covered by the A., which succeeds.

Trick 5: Z discards a spade first, not wishing to unguard his H. K.

Trick 8: Y thinks Z wants a heart led and leads his highest to clear Z's hand.

Trick 9: If Z discards a diamond, he makes every diamond good in dummy. B's discard of Sp. A. is clever.

The problem is: What should Z have discarded on his partner's last three clubs in order to make A lose his contract by one trick?

TO CORRESPONDENTS

"HIBERNIENSIS."—A discards A., K. of Spades on the first two tricks. Dummy taking the second heart with the A., makes 6 spades, and A his two aces, or if finessing, Cl. Qn. as well.

CHESS

PROBLEM No. 45.

By DR. S. GOLD.

BLACK (5).



WHITE (5).

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions to be addressed to the Chess Editor and to reach him not later than first post next Tuesday.

PROBLEM No. 44.

Solution.

WHITE :

(1) Q-R7

(2) Mates accordingly.

BLACK :

Any move.

PROBLEM No. 44.—The first correct solution opened was from Mr. H. Westcott, of 15 Cable Street, Liverpool, who has selected as his prize 'A Family of Decent Folk,' published by Fisher Unwin and reviewed in our columns last week.

PROBLEM No. 43.—Correct from Spencer Cox, A. S. Brown, A. E. Thiselton, E. F. Emmet, S. W. Sutton, J. Lyonguild, R. Black, E. Knight, A. W. Yallop, Eric L. Pritchard, F. W. Walton, W. R. Burgess, G. C. Hughes, M. T. Howells, P. W. Darbyshire, R. N. Winstanley, E. J. Reynolds, Guy W. Mumford and R. Morcom.

PROBLEM No. 42.—Correct from A. W. Yallop, J. H. Robinson, J. Landor Lowe, J. Forsyth, A. Rogers, Spencer Cox, Ralph Oakden and Rupert Morcom.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REV. S. W. SUTTON.—In No. 42, B-Kt5 is met by B-Kt3. Thank you for fresh editions of the problem, which we shall examine with pleasure. Your wonderfully clear diagrams are a delight to the eye.

W. STEER (Calcutta).—Correct with No. 34.

MAJOR THUILLIER (Dehra Dun).—Quite right with No. 36. Compliments upon correcting for yourself the error and then solving.

A. RHYS-JONES.—In No. 43, if Kt-B4 ch., the subsequent check with Queen at Kt5 is met by the cover of the Kt.

REV. P. GORDON WILLIAMS.—You will find all conditions governing these competitions clearly stated in this journal. You must send acrostic solutions to the editor of that department, and not to us. Your solution of No. 42 was wrong, but if it had been right, it would not have been accepted as it was dated after the solution was published.

The International Chess Tourney at Hastings, which started on the 9th inst., is attracting much interest. As we write, some of the important results have been that Alechin has defeated both Tarrasch and Rubinstein, while Sir G. A. Thomas won of Yates, and Rubinstein of Bogoljuboff.

The Imperial Chess Club reopens at its new premises, 17 Stratford Place, W.1, on Tuesday, October 3rd, and on Saturday, 7th, Senor Capablanca will give a simultaneous display in the Ball Room of the "Stratford Club," 19 Stratford Place, beginning at 2.30 p.m. Non-members may play and are requested to reserve their boards as soon as possible. Entrance, 5s.

Ralph Carey, by Lady Miles (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d. net), is the story of a shy and sensitive lad, who grows up neglected in the shade of a handsome and selfish elder brother, and, when he goes out into the world, grasps at the affection offered him by a married woman, the first understanding affection he has ever met. The story is well told and wholesome, with an insight and sympathy feminine in the best sense, and a feeling for style which lifts it out of the ruck of every-day stories. We can heartily commend it to our readers.

I Walked in Arden, by Jack Crawford (Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net) is the love story of a young American of English education who goes over to the Middle West to work in a factory, meets his love, and brings her to England, there to spend his short married life. Except that the author writes "the Empire on Leicester Square," and is apparently able to stroll into the "Soame" Museum whenever the fancy strikes him, a touch of sentiment is all that betrays American authorship. Of its kind it is an excellent example, a quite good, straightforward story which leaves a distinct impression of its leading characters.

Books Received

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

A Book of Marionettes. By Helen Haiman Joseph. Allen & Unwin: 21s. net.

Anatole France and His Circle. By Paul Gsell. The Bodley Head: 7s. 6d. net.

In a Grain of Sand. By Yoi Maraini. Collins.

What I saw in America. By G. K. Chesterton. Hodder & Stoughton: 12s. 6d. net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Caruso and the Art of Singing. By Salvatore Fucito and Barnet J. Beyer. Fisher Unwin: 10s. 6d. net.

The Argentine Republic: Its Development and Progress. By Pierre Denis. Fisher Unwin: 21s. net.

The Hill Tribes of Fiji. By A. B. Brewster. Seeley Service: 21s. net.

The Spirit of Islam. By Ameer Ali. New Edition. Christophers: 30s. net.

The Story of Mankind. By Henrik van Loon. Harrap: 12s. 6d. net.

Variations on a Personal Theme. By Sir Landon Ronald. Hodder & Stoughton: 10s. 6d. net.

FOREIGN POLITICS

Australia and Reunion. Australian Book Co.: 3s. net.

The Control of American Foreign Relations. By Quincy Wright. New York, Macmillan.

War and Armament Loans of Japan. By Ushisburo Kobayashi.

VERSE AND DRAMA

Body and Soul. A Play in Four Acts. By Arnold Bennett. Chatto & Windus: 5s. net.

Syringa and Other Verses. By Gwen John. Selwyn & Blount: 2s. 6d. net.

The Grand Defeat and Other Poems. By Al. Neby. Marshall: 2s. 6d. net.

The Toils of Yoshitomo. By Torahiko Kori. Selwyn & Blount: 5s. net.

Warp and Wool. By H. O. M. Estrange. Selwyn & Blount: 7s. 6d. net.

FICTION

Captain Blood. By Rafael Sabatini. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.

Judith Kersley, Spinster. By Eileen FitzGerald. Hurst & Blackett: 7s. 6d. net.

No Clue. By James Hay. Jenkins: 7s. 6d. net.

Overlooked. By Maurice Baring. Heinemann: 6s. net.

Rachel Blakes' Inheritance. By W. Riley. Jenkins: 7s. 6d. net.

Salome's Reputation. By Maud Mallett. Mills & Boon: 7s. 6d. net.

The Breaking Point. By Mary Robert Rinehart. Hodder & Stoughton: 7s. 6d. net.

The Cuckoo's Nest. By Christine Jope-Slade. Nisbet: 7s. 6d. net.

The Honest Man. By Una L. Silberrad. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.

The Lady of Leybourne. By Chester Keith. Allen & Unwin: 7s. 6d. net.

The Law of the Male. By Pernet Gille. Philpot: 6s. net.

The Secret of the Sandhills. By Arthur Gask. Jenkins: 7s. 6d. net.

The Two Windows. By Mary Cleland. Hodder and Stoughton: 7s. 6d. net.

The Vanishing Point. By Coningsby Dawson. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.

The Way of the World. By M. Morgan Gibbon. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Moreton Old Hall. By Robert Head. Congleton, Chronicle Office: 6s. net.

Pity, Punch Peegen and Some Others. By V. de Saint Helme. Mayfair Press: 4s. net.

Shakespeare's Garden. By Ernest Law. Selwyn and Blount: 3s. 6d. net.

St. Joseph of Arimathea at Glastonbury. By the Rev. L. Smithett. Glastonbury, Avalon Press: 1s. net.

Suggestion and Common Sense. By R. Allan Bennett. Bristol, Wright: 6s. net.

Tales of the R.I.C. Popular Edition. Blackwood: 2s. net.

The Great Oracle. By T. W. Stirling. Daniel: 2s. net.

The Main Issues Confronting the Minorities of Latvia and Eesti. By Baron A. Heyking. King: 1s. net.

The Priest's Rule of Life. By C. Newell Long. Society of SS. Peter and Paul: 6s. net.

The Prince of Beggars. By Neville Langton. Hutchinson: 6s. net.

The Psychology of Golf. By Leslie Schon. Methuen: 5s. net.

The Psychology of Misconduct, Vice and Crime. By Bernard Hollander. Allen & Unwin: 7s. 6d. net.

The Psychology of the Criminal. By M. Hamblin Smith. Methuen: 6s. net.

The Unseen Leadership. By F. Herbert Stead. Hodder & Stoughton: 6s. net.

Trusts in British Industry. By J. Morgan Rees. King: 10s. 6d. net.

Why Europe Leaves Home. By Kenneth L. Roberts. Fisher Unwin: 12s. 6d. net.

Several Books Received are unavoidably held over.

The World of Money

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All communications respecting this department should be addressed to The City Editor, the SATURDAY REVIEW, 10, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.2. Telephone: London Wall 5485.

The Business Outlook

The Russo-Asiatic Agreement

THE agreement concluded between Mr. Leslie Urquhart and Mr. Krassin has yet to be ratified by the Soviet, but inasmuch as both parties express themselves as satisfied, it would seem that at last there are indications of a renewal of commerce with Russia. Should there be no slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, the importance of this latest development is very great. Private reports have for some time conveyed the information that the attitude of the Russian Government towards capitalism has undergone considerable modification during the past twelve months. Indeed, it must have done so, since it is less than a year ago that Mr. Urquhart, in a detailed report, set forth the reasons why it was quite impossible to come to an arrangement, while it has been stated in the Press this week that the agreement now reached contains provisions for compensation. We must await the annual meeting of the Russo-Asiatic Corporation, which will be held in October, before the significance of this latest development can be rightly understood. Meanwhile, encouragement is certainly to be derived from the words of Mr. Urquhart. "We are to have our property returned on very fair terms, and I am satisfied that the deal is a movement towards the renewal of trade relations with Russia."

The Trade Returns

Trade figures for August show a maintenance of the small improvement which manifested itself in July. Exports were practically the same at £60 millions; re-exports slightly lower at £7½ millions; and imports £1 million higher at £82½ millions. For the eight months our imports are £89 millions down, and our total exports £11 millions up. A pleasing feature of the decreased imports for this period is that £83½ millions are accounted for by lesser purchases of food, drink and tobacco, and £20½ millions by manufactures. On the other hand imports of raw materials have increased in value by £15½ millions; the quantitative improvement is indicated by the fact that our imports of raw wool were nearly twice as great, and of cotton 25 per cent. more. The increase of £28½ millions in the export of raw materials is, of course, largely accounted for by the coal mining dispute of last year.

Defective Company Registers

The prosecution of Messrs. Odhams Press, Ltd., for alleged failure to comply with Section 25 of the Company's (Consolidation) Act, 1908, calls attention to the importance of the register of members of companies. The company had failed to enter in the Register the date on which persons were entered as

members and the amounts paid, or considered as paid, on their shares. The defendants admitted the failure to comply with the Section, but the magistrate dismissed the summons under the Probation of Offenders Act on payment of the costs. Although one of the heaviest penalties mentioned in the Act is directed at those who are responsible for defective registers, there is a good deal of laxity among company officials. Indeed, the defendants' counsel said that it might be found that the methods in question were the same as those adopted by other companies. The point round which the case turned was whether or not information required by the Act to be entered on the register might be distributed in several books, but it is rather late in the day to discuss a point which the Courts have already settled conclusively by laying down the rule that whilst a register may, and must often necessarily, be in several books, each book shall be complete with regard to every member whose name is entered in it. It may, perhaps, be considered that the omission of the date is a venial offence if the other particulars are properly entered, but the liability of a member who transfers his holding may not end, if the shares are not fully paid, until the expiration of twelve months from the date when his name was removed from the register, so that the date in that book may be vital in a winding up. And in any case the correct registration of the amount of a member's holding of shares is a matter of some importance.

The Future of Railway Transport

In the course of an article contributed to Section Seven of *Manchester Guardian Commercial's Reconstruction in Europe*, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu gives some interesting opinions upon this subject. He points out that although the progress of railways was rapid and continuous in the first fifty years of their existence, "latterly, a kind of stagnation seems to have set in, especially in connexion with invention and design." Railways cannot be operated at anything like the cost of even ten years ago and cannot raise capital for improvements or extensions except on onerous terms, compared with pre-war rates of interest. Altogether the writer considers that the financial outlook for railways in Europe "is not brilliant."

The Advantage of Speed

He points out that speed, which was the greatest of the advantages railways possessed until about ten or twelve years ago, is now no longer their monopoly. In fact, the speeds of main line trains in the principal European countries have remained practically at the same rate for the last thirty years. To attain greater speed, where they can, is the first step for the railways, but this "connotes longer, steadier, and better sprung rolling stock, a superior permanent way, and either more powerful locomotives or lighter loads." The development is expected of internal-combustion engines used with heavy oil or gas-suction plant, or, where there is plenty of water power, a considerable use of electric locomotives on main lines. Lord Montagu doubts "the wisdom or economy of wholesale electrification with power generated from coal, bearing in mind the great capital cost of cables and of the installation of the power plant, besides the conversion of rolling-stock and other expenses incidental to a complete change of system of haulage." Most people will agree that more elasticity in management, less red tape and a disposition to consider and adopt new ideas are badly needed.

The National Accounts

For the week ended Sept. 9 the Revenue was nearly £14 millions, and expenditure £10½ millions; the surplus being thus £3½ millions. Towards this result income tax contributed £5½ millions, and Customs and Excise £4½ millions. Sales of Treasury Bills showed an excess of £1½ millions, and another £½ million came in from National Savings Certificates. With the aid of nearly £½ million from the Balances, Bank of England advances were repaid to the extent of £3½ millions, Departmental Advances reduced by £1½ millions, and £1 million devoted to miscellaneous expenditure. The surplus revenue to date is £42½ millions, against a deficit for the same period of the last financial year of £49½ millions.

OUR DEBT TO THE UNITED STATES

BY SIR GEORGE PAISH

A GREAT deal of anxiety exists as to our ability to make payment to the United States for the interest and principal of the debt we have incurred during the war, the latter amounting with accumulated interest to about £1,000 millions sterling. The rate of interest and sinking fund together amount to about 7 per cent. per annum, which will entail payments by this country of about £70 millions sterling a year. This, however, is not the whole of the problem. Altogether this country since the war began has bought goods from the United States to the value of about £2,000 millions sterling in excess of what it has sold to that country, and has had to settle this total sum not only by borrowing from the American Government but by sales of securities of all kinds and descriptions to the American people.

In comparison with the pre-war years when this country had a great amount of capital in the United States and received each year a large sum for interest, there has been a change in the interest account of about £100 millions a year, and if a sinking fund is allowed for on one half of the capital sum obtained, an income of about £40 millions a year has been replaced by an outgoing for interest and sinking fund of about £85 millions a year. Nor is even this the whole story of the change which the war has brought about. In pre-war days the greater part of the international trade of America was carried in British ships. Now America possesses a very large mercantile marine of her own and the British income from shipping services rendered to America has declined. Beyond this great change in the interest and shipping account, Great Britain to-day needs to buy far more produce from the United States than the latter is desirous of purchasing in return. It is true that the amount is now much less than it was in the war years or in the two years after the war when Great Britain needed to buy from America produce to the value of upwards of £400 millions per annum in excess of what she was able to sell in return. Nevertheless in 1921 the British purchases of American produce and goods exceeded her sales to America by no less than £211 millions, and even in the past six months when America's trade has been affected by strikes which have reduced her exports and increased her imports, the excess of Great Britain's exports over her imports to America reached £76 millions, or at the rate of over £150 millions a year. If to this sum be added the interest and sinking fund which Great Britain has now to make to the American Government, the total adverse balance is at the rate of about £220 millions a year, notwithstanding the exceptional strike conditions in America.

As matters stand Great Britain is now faced with the question of how to make payment to America each year for produce and for interest of about this sum. The problem would of course be rendered easier if prices were to fall farther. The fall that has occurred has already reduced the adverse foreign trade balance from about £500 millions a year to the pre-

sent level, and were prices to fall to their pre-war level the task would be rendered still easier. Before the war, in 1913, Great Britain's imports from America exceeded her exports to that country by £82 millions and if to this be added the £70 millions which in future she will need to pay for interest and principal upon her debt to the American Government, the sum would reach about £150 millions. As matters now stand, however, with the current level of prices, the adverse balance to be faced is nearer to £250 millions.

Before the war Great Britain had no difficulty in settling the adverse balance of £82 millions in its foreign trade with America. In the first place the British people received about £40 millions a year for interest and the balance was earned by shipping services and by meeting American tourists and other expenditures both here and elsewhere. Indeed, not only was the pre-war adverse foreign trade balance of £82 millions met without difficulty, but Great Britain was lending each year something like £20 millions of new money to American railways and other American undertakings. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that not only was Great Britain able to settle this adverse balance with America and to lend her additional money into the bargain, but that the British people were able to lend to the world year by year very large sums of new money. An adverse balance with any one country is indeed not a matter of any importance, provided that payments can be made either by meeting expenditures of tourists in Great Britain or by exports from Great Britain to other countries or by banking services or in other ways.

Usually America has an adverse balance of trade with South America and with the Far East, and settles this balance by exporting goods to Great Britain, more particularly raw cotton and food stuffs, while Great Britain exports manufactured goods, particularly cotton cloths to South America and to the Eastern nations.

Unfortunately, however, the change in the conditions between Great Britain and America has been attended by a similar change in the relations of other countries, and America is now not only a creditor of Great Britain instead of a debtor, but she is a creditor of all the world, having during the years of the war sold goods to the value of some £4,000 million sterling in excess of the amounts she has bought in exchange. Moreover, until the last two years her foreign tourists' expenditures had practically disappeared, so that beyond the £2,000 millions she has lent to Great Britain, either by a direct loan or by purchase of securities, she has lent some £2,000 millions to other nations either by direct loan or by purchase of securities. This means that instead of America having to make payment to other nations for tourist expenditures and for interest, she is now entitled to an income from them over and above the sum she has to pay for tourists. Nor is she buying from other nations large quantities of produce in excess of what she is selling to other nations. In the twelve months to last June, notwithstanding the relative smallness of her exports, their value still reached \$3,770 million, while her imports were not more than \$2,670 million. Consequently the excess of her exports to the whole world over her imports was \$1,162 million (about £240 millions). It is true that owing to the difficulty in making payment to America for this excess either in services or in securities, the world exported to her on balance \$441 million of gold and that the net balance consequently was reduced to somewhat over \$700 million. But it will be impossible for the world to continue to send the great sums of gold which it has sent to America in the last two years, amounting in the aggregate to about £200 million sterling. The new gold supplies will do something to meet the deficiency, but it is obvious that the part gold can play in liquidating the balance directly is a relatively small one. Under normal conditions, of course, the situation would adjust itself. Great Britain and Europe would reduce their purchases of American produce and would endeavour to sell more freely to America and at

the same time would encourage American tourists to visit Europe in increasing numbers. But unfortunately this method of adjustment at the present time is almost impossible in the absence of food supplies from Russia and the reduced food production of practically all the food-producing countries of Europe outside of Russia. Europe must continue to buy an unusually large quantity of American food stuffs or go hungry. Also Europe needs to buy the raw material that America is accustomed to supply. Unless Europe obtains raw material she will be unable to buy the food that is obtainable from other countries, by means of the goods manufactured from the raw material. Thus the problem which faces Great Britain at the present time is an unusually difficult one to solve. If Russia could be restored quickly and Europe could obtain food stuffs from her instead of from America, a part of the difficulty would be overcome, as Russia needs to buy manufactured goods as much as Europe needs to buy Russian food stuffs and raw material. Apparently there is no prospect of the restoration of Russia in the early future. Practically the whole of Western Europe, which would be so greatly benefited by the restoration of Russian production, does not yet see its way to provide Russia with the capital essential for the restoration of its productive power. Consequently the increased dependence of Europe upon America for food and raw material must continue. It is possible, indeed probable, that the expenditures of American tourists will be unusually large, but they would have to be many times greater than they were before the war in order to give to Europe the income she needs in order to pay cash for American produce and interest upon American capital. At the moment there is no prospect whatever that American tourists' expenditures are likely to be sufficiently generous to enable Europe to pay for the produce it needs to buy from the United States, leaving interest and sinking fund entirely out of account. Thus the prospect that Great Britain will be able to export goods and to render services to the rest of the world sufficient to meet its adverse foreign trade balance and its interest to the United States is not promising unless America continues to make loans freely to Europe and to other countries. If America lends freely to South America, to the East, and to Europe, then Great Britain will have no difficulty in making the necessary payment, as America would use the sums which Great Britain would owe her for produce interest and sinking fund in order to make new loans to other countries.

This process, however, means that the sums due to America by the rest of the world, for interest and sinking fund, would rapidly increase and that sooner or later America would have to decide whether she would accept payment of the interest in goods or services or forego the sums due to her. Were American tourists' expenditures to expand with the necessary rapidity the situation would be met, but this is scarcely possible. With the recovery in American trade it may be expected that her purchases of rubber, of coffee, and all other tropical products as well as of wool will show renewed expansion, but even if one were to assume a most extravagant expenditure for this purpose and also an immense increase in American tourist outlays one finds difficulty in discovering how it will be possible for Europe, including Great Britain, to buy the food and raw material which they need to buy, and at the same time to make payment of interest and sinking fund upon their debts. So long as America is willing to go on lending, no difficulty will arise, but if anything should happen to stop American loans to Europe and to the world in general, a most difficult situation would be created. Of course if America would act in the manner that Great Britain acted when it became a great world banker with an increasing foreign income and would admit freely foreign produce and goods of all kinds and descriptions, then the difficulties would soon disappear.

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regard to America's foreign income from investments it is obvious that the time has come when the American people should consider the question of whether it is not better to buy freely abroad in order to sell freely, than to buy sparingly and not only have difficulty in selling their own products, but in collecting the income to which their rapidly increasing foreign investments entitle them. As far as great Britain is concerned, it is quite immaterial to her whether the American people buy British goods or the goods of other countries. What does concern her is that America should buy some foreign goods or produce or should spend money abroad through her tourists, or should make fresh loans to the world in sufficient amount that the British people may meet their obligations to America by selling goods or rendering services to someone in some part of the world, who in turn will supply goods or render services to America, or which have the power to buy by means of American loans.

With the American Congress putting the American tariff still higher and doing everything in its power to discourage the American people from buying foreign goods and from spending money abroad, the difficulty of Europe and of Great Britain in making payment to America for her produce and her interest is being further increased. Nevertheless, one is in no doubt that experience will teach the American people where their true interests lie.

Overseas News

Switzerland. The applications for the new 4 per cent. Federal loan amounted to 350 million francs, including conversions and fresh money, but the Federal Council has decided to take only 200 millions. Some of the Swiss newspapers point out that the success of the loan, which has been so favourable to the Government, is rather an index to the economic crisis, as capital can ordinarily find but few outlets, and interest has fallen to 1 per cent. and practically to zero for amounts exceeding 100,000 francs, so that many persons with money to spare are placing it in postal cheques which yield 1.8 per cent. The returns of imports and exports for the first six months of the year show increased exports of timber, pulp and paper, textiles, minerals and metals, and increased imports of coal, coke, and briquettes. On the whole, the returns show that trade conditions are no worse generally, whilst most trades, excepting watches, clocks, and machinery, show a tendency to improve. Switzerland is the first country to come to an understanding with Germany with regard to the liabilities of German insurance companies to pay in the currency of other countries when policies mature. Subject to the approval of the respective legislatures, an agreement has been made that entails some sacrifice on the part of both countries. The real estate of the insurance companies is to be pledged to Switzerland and companies' reserves are to be available for the purposes of the agreement. Guaranteed dividends are to be rigidly controlled and limited as much as possible, and all unpaid share capital is to be called up at once.

Czecho-Slovakia. *La Revue Internationale du Travail*, dealing with the expropriation of the great landed estates now going on in Central Europe, states that in Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, and Lithuania there is no question of fixing compensation proportionate to the actual value of land and buildings. Purchase prices are being based on the average pre-war prices without allowance for difference in the value of money, and with deductions that still further reduce the amount payable to the owner. The economic difficulties of the country are increasing and, together with those of Austria, have been considered during the week at the meetings of the League of Nations at Geneva. The newspapers are concerned with the political settlement of Europe as an avenue to the restoration of industry and finance in view

of the fact that 70 per cent. of the export trade of the country and 55 per cent. of the import trade was done with Germany. The Eastern Bohemian group of Czecho-Slovakian glass-works reported that ten works belonging to federated concerns will be closed on September 10, and *Prager Presse* has a note on the crisis in the flax industry, from which it appears that the country has twenty-five flax-spinning mills with 285,000 spindles, which is about the same number as Germany. Owing to currency inflation and the consequent high cost of production, it is impossible to compete with other countries, and it is expected that nearly the whole of the flax mills in Bohemia, Silesia, and Moravia will close shortly and remain idle for a long time. The Prague correspondent of *Der Bund* (Bern) writes that the sugar-beet harvest prospects are very poor owing to the drought of the last few weeks, and that the shortage of sugar is perceptible. Whilst prices of sugar are increasing in the country, the fall in prices in the international market compel a reduction in the cost of production. Last year the price of sugar-beet was 26 kronen per cwt., now it is 17 kronen. It has not yet been decided whether the refineries will form a Kartel or whether they will act individually, but most of the manufacturers incline to free competition.

Germany. Financial news in this week's German newspapers has again been a record of the vagaries of the mark, and of adjustments of prices to currency and of wages to prices. One of the most striking features of the money market columns of the leading papers is the prominence given to the dollar as compared with the pound sterling and the franc. Several of them show day-to-day dollar rates in heavy type. *Frankfurter Zeitung* states that the issue of notes by the Reichsbank has, since the currency crisis began, increased from 1½ millions per diem to 2 millions and will, it is understood, rise to 3 millions until September 15. The reason why the increase in circulation during the last week in August amounted to 23 millions, whilst the issue of notes amounted to only 12 millions in the same period, was that certain banks held stocks of notes which were put into circulation rather late. The increase in currency had, therefore, fallen behind production, but the balance has now been restored. As the reserve of notes had disappeared, it was desirable that the productivity of the State printing-press should return to the old figures. The demands of the large manufacturing concerns in Berlin for notes were apparently being met, but other concerns, including banks, were being rationed in notes. *L'Intransigeant* is quoted in Germany as authority for the statement that the amount due by Germans to France when the armistice was signed was 1,200 millions of francs, of which about 70 per cent. was covered by German credits in France, and that the French claims have already been settled to the extent of 150 millions by the Enemy Debts Commission. Liquidation in Alsace-Lorraine is proving more difficult, although Germany's debts in the reconquered territory amount to 40 millions against credits of 600 millions. A congress will take place next month in Rome for the purpose of considering what steps can be taken to expedite the liquidation of all debts. The German potash monopoly that was destroyed by the transfer of Alsace-Lorraine to France has been replaced by a German-French syndicate, with the object of putting an end to the competition of German and Alsatian manufacturers, especially in Eastern markets. The Stinnes-Lubersac agreement with regard to reparations in kind has more than a political significance, as it meets, presumably, the former objections of French merchants to the import of German goods and, moreover, the decision to apply the minimum customs duties to the deliveries solves a difficult problem. One of the most important terms of the agreement is that which releases, for the production of the goods to be delivered as "reparations in kind," a fixed percentage of the coal deliverable monthly to France under the Treaty.

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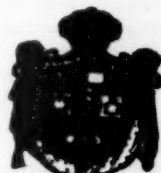
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Jugo-Slavia. *Prager Presse* states that plans for new railways are being considered by the Government, the cost of which is to be defrayed exclusively out of the American loan. The first work to be undertaken will be the completion of old lines such as that from Titel to Orlova, and some Serbian lines. One of the most important of the new lines will be one from Kragujevac to the Adriatic-Montenegrin port, Antivari, that will go through Southern Serbia and Montenegro. Another line from Belgrade to Tuzla will join Serbia with Bosnia. According to the estimates of the engineers, the cost of these lines will be 348,000,000 dinars (gold), and a further sum of 50,000,000 dinars will be provided by the Government for tunnels and harbours. The chief object of these new railways is to provide inter-provincial transport facilities. The Ministry of Agriculture has declared that this year's harvest will be only moderate and that it will be necessary to prohibit the export of wheat. In Bosnia and Herzegovina the prospect is even worse, as the crops have failed. Anthracite has been found at Zecser, in a mine belonging to a group of German capitalists.

New Issue

General Real Estates Investment Trust. This Company, which has acquired a large portion of Howard de Walden Estate in the West End of London, offers for subscription at par, 500,000 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each and 250,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. No reference is made in the offer to any application being made to the Stock Exchange for a quotation of the shares, and the general character of the prospectus would seem to indicate that the appeal for subscriptions is made to people in close touch with the Company's affairs.

Stock Market Letter

The Stock Exchange, Thursday

The general expectation was that the Bank Rate would be left at 3 per cent., to which it was lowered on July 13, but having regard to the international situation, doubts had been entertained whether the Bank would consider it advisable to keep the rate so low. It cannot be said that there was any excitement in the House, but several scores of clerks hung upon the fringe of the market, each man armed with his wire-book and ready to dash off to the telegraph offices as soon as the announcement came through. "Sell everything," said the cynics as No Change was signalled.

The throwing-open of the Stock Exchange markets to freedom of dealing on June 1 is responsible to no small extent for some of the dullness that prevails to-day in certain markets. For as soon as the restrictions against option dealing came off in June, a number of people rushed to take advantage of the freedom to give money for the call of shares in various parts of the House, notably upon Kaffirs, textiles and oil descriptions. The giver of option money likes to have as long a run as possible for his operation, and therefore the popular term is for three months. Large numbers of the options accordingly ran to what is called the "End-September" account, which is actually that which takes place next week, declarations in respect of mining shares having been made on the Friday in this week. In spite of the rises that have occurred, it is not everyone who has made profits, and a good many calls will be abandoned. As previously explained in these letters, the Stock Exchange practice is for a man who takes option money from another, to buy half the shares upon which the money is given. Consequently, if the giver of the money abandons his option, the taker finds himself left with half the shares over which the bargain extended, and

if the option shares are not called, then he has to dispose of those which he had protected himself by buying when the transaction was opened. Option dealers naturally delay from closing such shares until the option is on the point of expiry, which means that a good deal of selling takes place just before Contango-day. And this is what has happened this week, accounting for a certain amount of dullness discernible in the markets mentioned.

Textile shares are regarded in the market as being quite high enough when the yields are taken into consideration. Manchester and other provincial centres had been eager buyers up to the beginning of the present week, but the demand from the North slackened noticeably as the settlement came into sight. It may be that some of the buyers rather over-loaded themselves with shares, and the technical position was all the more vulnerable when demand fell off. Bulls have evidently been trying to get out of their shares. Reaction will do the market no harm: it might have the effect of bringing in new buyers who have been wanting to take a hand, but who were reluctant to follow the rise too far.

Russian issues have had something of a run-up on account of the arrangement reached between the Russo-Asiatic Consolidated and the Soviet Government. This is held to herald the advent of a new era that shall restore trading relations between Russia and our own country. Russo-Asiatics enjoyed a sharp rise. Hundreds of thousands of these £1 shares changed hands every day this week. There are about 8½ million Russo-Asiatic shares issued, and £670,000 convertible debentures. For any dividend to be paid on such a huge sum, holders of the shares will have to wait, it may be, some time, but such a consideration was overlooked in the first enthusiasm engendered by the glamour of the optimistic atmosphere created by the news.

The oil market is in better fettle. Allowing for professionalism in some of the specialized shares, the fact remains that a more cheerful sentiment has begun to revive. The rally in Mexican Eagles has done much to assist the better tone. A spurt in Royal Dutch was deemed to reflect increased confidence amongst the important Dutch circles interested in oil. Speculation busies itself with hopes of a statement from the British Controlled Oilfields as to the rumoured negotiations with the Anglo-Persian Company. But some men in the market declare that no such statement is likely to be published at present.

JANUS

Money and Exchange

Supplies of credit have been a little more generous but not plentiful. On Monday the market redeemed the outstanding sum due to the Bank of England with the help it was suggested of special disbursements originating with the Treasury. The repayment, although accomplished without much difficulty, absorbed practically all surplus money, and transfers for taxes later in the week revealed the market bare of funds. The Bank return showed that Public Deposits had fallen further and that Government securities had been increased; but the amount returned to Threadneedle Street was in excess of 5 millions. Other securities being smaller to this extent and less than 2 millions was added to bankers' balances. The trend of discount rates, however, was slightly downward owing to a rather better demand for Treasury bills from bankers, and a belief that the popularity of end December maturities would increase the competition for the bills offered this week. Foreign exchanges have been unsettled by near eastern complications and the reluctance of Germany to give satisfactory Treasury Bond guarantees to the Belgians. German and Allied currencies have depreciated and other Continental rates moved upward. Dollars have become dearer owing to a seasonal demand.

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Miscellaneous.

BOOKS.—Slater's Engravings and their Value, last edition,
42s.; G. K. Chesterton's New Jerusalem, 6s. 6d.; Koebel's Argen-
tina Past and Present, 13s. 6d.; Tyndale's An Artist in the Riviera,
£1; Borrow's Works, 6 vols., 35s.; Ruvigny's Titled Nobility of
Europe, new copies, 1914, 42s., for 6s.; Sand's History of the
Harlequinade, 2 vols., 18s.; Lewis the Monk: A Romance, 3
vols. (scarce), 21s.; Don Quixote, trans. by Shelton, 3 vols.,
1908, 21s.; Knipe's Evolution in the Past, 1912, 21s.; Crawley's
Mystic Rose, a Study of Primitive Marriage, 1902, 55s.; Wester-
mark's Human Marriage, 1902, 42s.; Rupert Brooke, Collected
Poems, Riccardi Press, 1919, £3; Aphra Behn's Works, large
paper copy, 6 vols., 1915, £5 5s. 0d.; Merriman's Novels, 8
vols., blue cloth (scarce), £3; Byron, Astarte by Earl of Love-
lace, 18s., another Edit. de Luxe, £3 10s. 0d.; Fraser's Magic
Art, 2 vols., 1913, 30s.; Baxter Prints: The Pictures of George
Baxter, with 140 plates, just issued, £3 5s. 0d.; Gilfillan's
British Poets, fine set, large type, 48 vols., £4 4s. 0d., 1854;
Ruskin's Works, Best Library Edition, 39 vols., £25; Carmen,
illus., by René Bull, Edit. de Luxe, 30s. Send also for Catalogue,
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Figures and Prices

PAPER MONEY (in millions)

	Latest Note Issues.	Stock of Gold.	Ratio of Gold to Notes.	Previous Note Issues.	Note Issue Aug. 31, 1921.
European Countries			%		
Austria	Kr. 1,147,586			913,932	58,534
Belgium	Fr. 6,528	267	4	6,412	6,216
Britain (B. of E.)	£ 103			107	107
Britain (State)	£ 295	154	38	299	319
Bulgaria	Leva 3,800	38	1	3,758	3,266
Czecho-Slov.	Kr. 9,647	704+	7+	9,713	11,455
Denmark	Kr. 432	228	51+	439	481
Estonia	Mk. 700	291+	56	404	—
Finland	Mk. 1,311	43	3	1,340	1,379
France	Fr. 36,959	5,532	15	36,385	37,025
Germany (Bk.)	Mk. 238,147	1,004	—	215,168	80,073
" other Mk.	23,240	—	—	20,503	8,071
Greece	Dr. 1,708	1,389+	97+	1,426	1,877
Holland	Fl. 986	806	61	961	1,004
Hungary	Kr. 42,016	?	—	40,949	17,326
Italy (Bk.)	Lire 13,761	1,385+	9+	13,950	13,640
Jugo-Slavia	Dnrs. 4,984	64	1	4,955	4,194
Norway	Kr. 385	147	39	375	430
Poland	Mk. 351,343	31	—	285,677	133,734
Portugal	Esc. 815	9	1	808	667
Roumania	Lei 14,267	4,760	3+	14,147	11,854
Spain	Pes. 4,131	2,523	61	4,169	4,186
Sweden	Kr. 569	274	53	512	681
Switzerland	Fr. 771	510	66	725	971
Other Countries					
Australia	£ 56	23	41	58	57
Canada (Bk.)	\$ 166	165	36	194	184
Canada (State)	\$ 269	—	—	269	262
Egypt	£E 28	3	10	30	29
India	Rs. 1,804	24	13	1,775	1,760
Japan	Yen. 1,280	1,275+	107+	1,181	1,127
New Zealand	£ 8	8+	100+	8	7
U.S. Fed. Res.	\$ 2,212	3,061	137	2,253	3,369

†Total cash.

GOVERNMENT DEBT (in thousands)

	Sept. 9, '22.	Sept. 2, '22.	Sept. 10, '21
Total deadweight	7,611,414	7,614,951	7,623,964
Owed abroad	1,080,640	1,080,642	1,107,852
Treasury Bills	714,370	712,615	1,151,602
Bank of England Advances	3,750	7,500	49,000
Departmental Do.	156,957	158,623	154,074

NOTE.—The highest point of the deadweight debt was reached at Dec. 31, 1919, when it touched £7,998 millions. On March 31, 1921, it was £7,574 millions, and on March 31, 1922, £7,654 millions. The increase of £80 millions shown by the latter figures is nominal and due to a conversion scheme. During the year £88 millions was actually devoted to redemption of Debt.

GOVERNMENT ACCOUNTS (in thousands)

	Sept. 9, '22.	Sept. 2, '22.	Sept. 10, '21.
Total Revenue from Ap. 1	361,508	347,690	400,213
" Expenditure "	318,922	308,641	449,819
Surplus or Deficit	+42,586	+39,049	-49,606
Customs and Excise	121,846	117,042	135,038
Income and Super Tax...	124,837	119,092	128,547
Stamps	6,692	6,522	6,593
Excess Profits Duties	954	954	24,874
Post Office	23,550	22,550	19,500
Miscellaneous—Special	25,009	23,722	43,255

BANK OF ENGLAND RETURNS (in thousands).

	Sept. 13, '22.	Sept. 6, '22.	Sept. 14, '21.
Public Deposits	10,405	13,585	15,053
Other	113,436	111,450	129,548
Total	123,841	125,035	144,601
Government Securities	46,753	43,448	61,242
Other	71,466	76,790	79,810
Total	118,219	120,238	141,052
Circulation	122,062	122,879	125,208
Do. less notes in cur- rency reserve	100,912	101,729	105,758
Coin and Bullion	127,421	127,413	128,403
Reserve	23,809	22,983	21,653
Proportion	19.2%	18.3%	15%

CURRENCY NOTES (in thousands)

	Sept. 13, '22.	Sept. 6, '22.	Sept. 14, '21.
Total outstanding	291,585	293,088	318,036
Called in but not cancelld.	1,563	1,566	1,916
Gold backing	27,000	27,000	28,500
B. of E. note, backing	21,150	21,150	19,450
Total fiduciary issue	241,872	243,372	268,170

BANKERS CLEARING RETURNS (in thousands)

	Sept. 13, '22.	Sept. 6, '22.	Sept. 14, '21.
Town	531,392	617,289	469,950
Metropolitan	25,455	28,148	25,807
Country	46,532	54,847	49,078
Total	603,379	700,284	544,835
Year to date	27,146,259	26,542,880	24,745,562

LONDON CLEARING BANK FIGURES (in thousands)

	Aug., '22.	July, '22.	Aug., '21.
Coin, notes, balances with	£	£	£
Bank of England, etc....	202,201	203,475	209,912
Deposits	1,732,153	1,774,396	1,806,910
Acceptances	50,542	53,228	49,986
Discounts	308,809	336,581	383,280
Investments	409,010	406,432	315,476
Advances	731,954	738,849	618,724

MONEY RATES

	Sept. 13, '22.	Sept. 6, '22.	Sept. 14, '21.
Bank Rate	%	%	%
Do. Federal Reserve N.Y.	3	3	5
3 Months' Bank Bills	4	4	5
6 Months' Bank Bills	2-2½	2½	4-1
Weekly Loans	1½-2	1½-2	3½-4

FOREIGN EXCHANGES (telegraphic transfers)

	Sept. 14, '22.	Sept. 7, '22.	Sept. 14, '21.
New York, \$ to £	4.41½	4.46½	3.70½
Do., 1 month forward	4.41½	4.46½	—
Montreal, \$ to £	4.41½	4.46½	4.16
Mexico d. to \$	26½d.	26½d.	33d.
B. Aires, d to \$	43½d.	44½d.	44½d.
Rio de Jan., d. to mlsr...	6½d.	7½d.	8½d.
Valparaiso, \$ to £	32.10	32	35.80
Montevideo, d. to \$	41½d.	42½d.	42½d.
Lima, per Peru £	9% prem.	9% prem.	—
Paris, frs. to £	58.65	56.85	53.07½
Do., 1 month forward	58.08	56.88	—
Berlin, marks to £	6.975	5.600	399
Brussels, frs. to £	62.15	60.45	53.07½
Amsterdam, fl. to £	11.42½	11.46½	11.77
Switzerland, frs. to £	23.64	23.50	21.54½
Stockholm, kr. to £	16.71	16.83	17.14
Christiania, kr. to £	26.40	26.85	28.80½
Copenhagen, kr. to £	20.85	20.80	21.02½
Helsingfors, mks. to £	205	209	275
Italy, lire to £	105½	102½	87½
Madrid, pesetas to £	29.15	28.80	28.44½
Greece, drachma to £	180	175	72½
Lisbon, d. to escudo	2½d.	2½d.	5½d.
Vienna, kr. to £	320,000	300,000	4,100
Prague, kr. to £	132	128	309½
Budapest, kr. to £	10,000	9,500	1,900
Bucharest, lei. to £	730	635	392½
Belgrade, dinars to £	355	350	222
Sofia, leva to £	740	800	560
Warsaw, marks to £	36,500	35,500	16,000
Constnple, piastres to £	720	720	600
Alexandria, piastres to £	97½	97½	97½
Bombay, d. to rupee	15½d.	15½d.	17½d.
Calcutta, d. to rupee	15½d.	15½d.	17½d.
Hongkong, d. to dollar	30½d.	31d.	33½d.
Shanghai, d. to tael	41½d.	42d.	45½d.
Singapore, d. to \$	27½d.	27½d.	27½d.
Yokohama, d. to yen	26½d.	25½d.	31½d.

TRADE UNION PERCENTAGES OF UNEMPLOYED

	End July, 1922.	End June, 1922.	End July, 1921.
Membership	1,334,339	1,393,615	1,384,935
Reporting Unions	195,447	218,626	231,592
Unemployed	14.6	15.7	16.7

COAL OUTPUT

	Sept. 2, 1922.	Aug. 26, 1922.	Aug. 19, 1922.	Sept. 3, 1921.
Week ending	tons.	tons.	tons.	tons.
	5,203,600	5,148,000	5,158,400	4,141,900
	162,602,900	157,399,300	152,251,300	81,179,000

IRON AND STEEL OUTPUT

	1922. Aug.	1922. July.	1922. June.	1921. Aug.
Pig Iron	411,700	399,100	369,200	94,200
Yr. to date	2,959,300	2,547,600	2,148,500	1,670,200
Steel	520,600	473,100	400,200	434,100
Yr. to date	3,552,500	3,031,700	2,558,600	1,965,300

PRICES OF COMMODITIES

METALS, MINERALS, ETC.

	Sept. 14, '22.	Sept. 7, '22.	Sept. 14, '21.
Gold, per fine oz.	93s. 6d.	92s. 4d.	110s. 4d.
Silver, per oz.	35½d.	35½d.	39½d.
Iron, Sc'h pig No. 1 ton	£4.18.0	£4.18.0	£6.10.0
Steel rails, heavy "	£8.15.0	£8.15.0	£14.0.0
Copper, Standard "	£63.8.9	£63.3.9	£87.18.9
Tin, Straits "	£159.11.8	£159.17.6	£155.17.6
Lead, soft foreign "	£24.0.0	£24.5.0	£23.5.0
Spelter "	£31.12.6	£31.7.6	£25.2.6
Coal, best Admiralty "	27s. 9d.	30s. 6d.	32s. 6d.

CHEMICALS AND OILS

Nitrate of Soda, per ton	£14.5.0	£14.5.0	£20.10.0
Indigo, Bengal per lb.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Linseed Oil, spot per ton	£33.15.0	£34.5.0	£37.15.0
Linseed, La Plata ton	£16.10.0	£16.15.0	£18.15.0
Palm Oil, Benin spot ton	£30.0.0	£30.10.0	£39.10.0
Petroleum, w. white gal.	1s. 5d.	1s. 5d.	1s. 5d.
Turpentine cwt.	99s. 0d.	94s. 3d.	66s. 6d.

FOOD

Flour, Country, straights ex mill 280 lb.	32s. 6d.	35s. 6d.	50s. 6d.
Wheat, English Gaz. Avge. per 480 lbs.	41s. 1d.	43s. 4d.	58s. 0d.
Wheat, No. 2 Red Winter N.Y. per bush.	114½ cents.	115½ cents.	143 cents.

TEXTILES, ETC.

Cotton, fully middling, American per lb.	13.41d.	12.87d.	13.86d.
Cotton, Egyptian, F.G.F. Sakel per lb.	17.50d.	17.25d.	22.50d.
Hemp, N.Z. spot, per ton	£32.10.0	£32.5.0	£42.0.0
Jute, first marks "	£35.10.0	£33.7.6	£30.15.0
Wool, Aust., Medium Greasy Merino lb.	19d.	19d.	15d.
La Plata, Av. Merino lb.	15d.	14½d.	10½d.
Lincoln Wethers lb.	8d.	8½d.	7d.
Tops, 64's lb.	62d.	57d.	43d.
Rubber, Std. Crepe lb.	7½d.	7d.	8½d.
Leather, sole bends, 14-16lb. per lb.	2s. 4d.	2s. 4d.	2s. 9d.

OVERSEAS TRADE (in thousands)

	Aug., 1922.	Aug., 1921.	1922.	1921.
Imports	82,661	88,555	651,656	740,804
Exports	60,032	51,346	472,213	463,414
Re-exports	7,504	9,998	71,402	69,045
Balance of Imports	15,125	27,211	107,951	208,345
Expt. cotton gds. total	16,111	11,218	124,525	115,749
Do. piece gds. sq. yds.	337,985	212,403	2,672,454	1,600,955
Expt. woollen goods	5,515	3,633	39,369	39,286
Export coal value...	6,873	5,698	43,301	22,662
Do. quantity tons...	6,146	3,103	38,394	9,945
Export iron, steel...	5,053	2,797	40,068	43,801
Export machinery...	4,364	5,153	33,528	52,404
Tonnage entered...	3,995	3,423	27,991	24,099
" cleared "	5,855	33,777	37,559	20,286

INDEX NUMBERS

	Aug., 1922.	July, 1922.	June, 1922.	Aug., 1921.	July, 1921.
United Kingdom—					
Wholesale (Economist).	1922.	1922.	1922.	1921.	1914.
Cereals and Meat	880½	994½	1,000½	1,184	579
Other Food Products	674	669	676½	716½	352
Textiles	1,123½	1,120	1,135	998	616½
Minerals	691½	712½	690	920½	464½
Miscellaneous	887½	900	887	1,000	553
Total	4,257	4,396	4,389	4,819	2,565
Retail (Ministry of Labour)—					
Food, Rent, Clothing, etc.	181	184	180	222	100

Germany—Wholesale (Frankfurter Zeitung)	Aug 1, 1922.	July 1, 1922.	June 1, 1922.	June 1, 1921.	Average 1913.
All Commodities	1,393	914	606	132	9.23

United States—Wholesale (Bradstreet's)	Aug. 1, 1922.	July 1, 1922.	June 1, 1922.	Aug. 1, 1921.	Aug. 1, 1914.
All Commodities	12.0688	12.1069	11.9039	11.0576	8.7087

Freights	Sept. 14, 1922.	Sept. 7, 1922.	Sept. 14, 1921.
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From Cardiff to			
West Italy (coal)	11/6	11/6	13/0
Marseilles "	11/0	11/0	14/0
Port Said "	13/3	13/9	13/3
Bombay "	19/6	20/0	17/6
Islands "	11/3	11/0	11/0
B. Aires "	17/0	17/0	14/0
From			
Australia (wheat)	35/0	35/0	68/9
B. Aires (grain)	20/0	20/0	26/3
San Lorenzo "	21/3	21/3	27/6
N. America "	2/6	2/6	4/6
Bombay (general)	19/6	19/6	30/0
Alexandria (cotton-seed)	9/0	9/0	14/0

TRADE OF COUNTRIES (in millions)

		1922.	+ or -
COUNTRY.	Months.	Imports.	Exports.
Belgium Fr.	3	2,031	1,334
Czechoslovakia Kr.	12½	22,435	27,312
Denmark Kr.	5	560	440
Finland Mk.	7	2,013	2,208
France Fr.	7	12,667	10,802
Germany Mk.	4	75,814	73,109
Greece Dr.	4	675	453
Holland Fl.	6	998	585
Italy Lire	3	3,534	2,055
Spain Pes.	12½	1,260	798
Sweden Kr.	6	527	424
Switzerland Fr.	3	445	402
B. S. Africa £	12½	53	61
Brazil Mrs.	12½	1,690	1,710
Canada \$	12½	728	752
China Tls.	12½	906	601
Egypt £E	12½	56	42
Japan Yen.	7	1,236	878
New Zealand £	12½	43	45
United States \$	7	1,468	2,925

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Great Eastern	36½	38½	28½
Great Northern Pref. ...	64	66	42
Great Western	101½	102½	69½
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London Chatham	8	8	6
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Cunard	19/6	19/9	18/9
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